Saturday Review

August 13, 1966 35¢

When writers talk about writing

ERIH KOS
The Writer as Craftsman

JAN MYRDAL
The Mood of the Writer

NORMAN COUSINS
The Writer as World Citizen

INTERNATIONAL WRITERS' REUNION HELD IN LAHTI, FINLAND

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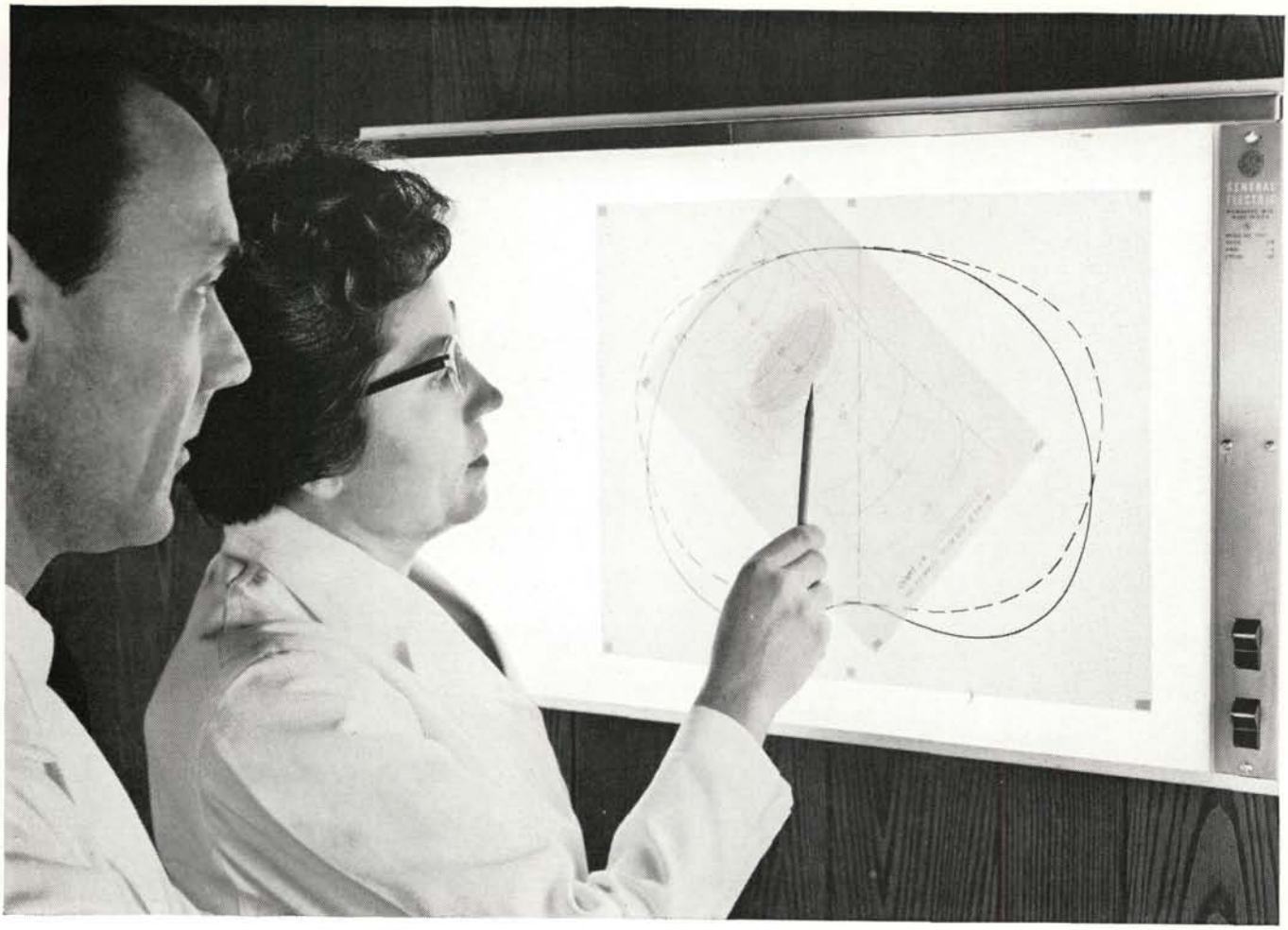

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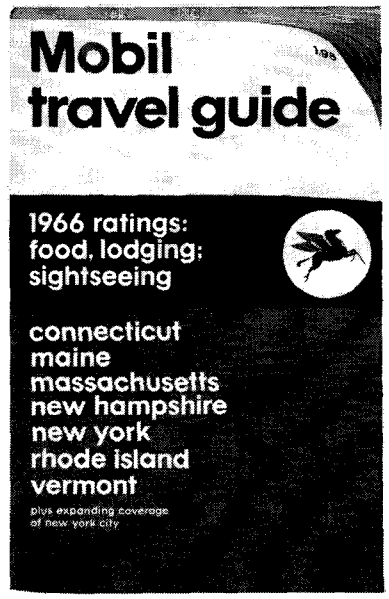

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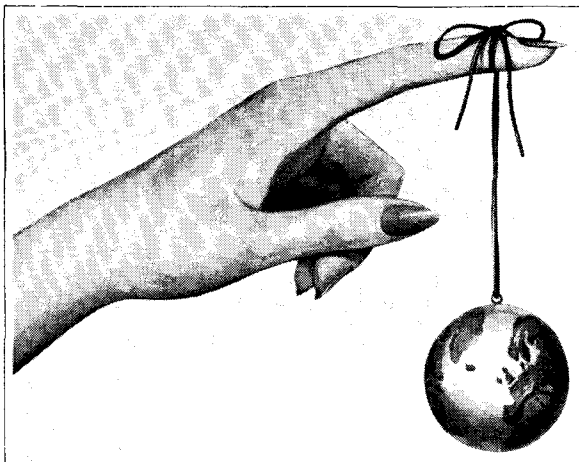

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Saturday Review

August 13, 1966

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SR: Ideas

11 When Writers Talk About Writing
1. The Writer as Craftsman, by Erih Koš
2. The Writer as World Citizen, by Norman Cousins
3. The Mood of the Writer, by Jan Myrdal

18 Sharing the Seas' Riches: A Guest Editorial by Clark M. Eichelberger
20 Classics Revisited: "The Pilgrim's Progress," by Kenneth Rexroth
21 Three poems by Robert Penn Warren

SR: Communications

48 What Are the Journalism Schools Teaching? by John Tebbel
53 The Racial News Gap, by Alfred Balk

SR: Books

23 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
23 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

4 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
6 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
7 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr.
8 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon
9 Chess Corner: Al Horowitz
19 Letters to the Editor
22 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi
24 Literary Crypt
26 Literary I.Q.
38 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
39 Theater: Henry Hewes in Ohio
40 Travel: Horace Sutton visits Copenhagen
65 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1688

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Edited by Martin Levin

Mob Seen

I WAS astonished not long ago when I read that St. Peter's Square in Rome holds only 40,000 people. A crowd that size is nothing by New York standards. Before television ended the custom of crowds massing in Times Square on election night and New Year's Eve a million people regularly assembled there—and Times Square is not nearly as large as St. Peter's Square.

The Times Square figure was never an exact count. It was a police estimate and it never varied: it was always a million. Estimating the size of crowds is one of the prerogatives of the police. It is also one of their most jealously guarded traditions. It is weighted by rules of precedence and involves a system of calculation a civilian could never hope to grasp. Except in extreme emergencies, a sergeant or a lieutenant never estimates the size of a large crowd. That right is reserved for the very highest officer of the inspector rank—the kind of man who, as a rookie cop, could estimate the number of apples on a fruitstand with a quick glance.

The officer, having made his estimate, imparts the information to waiting newspaper reporters. No newspaper would dream of making its own estimate, not even *The New York Times* which, in so many instances, airs its comprehensive coverage by quoting veteran observers. (The *Times* has a pool of veteran observers: waterfront, Wall Street, courtroom, airport, playground, Harlem, etc.) Before television spoiled the show in Times Square, reducing attendance to a mere hundred thousand or so, the afternoon papers of December 31 always said a million persons were expected in Times Square that evening; and on January 1, sure enough, the morning papers confirmed the figure.

The police estimates of crowds at Madison Square Garden are even more interesting examples than those at Times Square. If 18,000 persons go inside the Garden for a political or religious rally or a memorial service or protest meeting, the police estimate that "double that number" remain outside. These crowds, the newspapers invariably point out, don't stand still. They mill about. Anybody who has ever tried to estimate the size of a crowd milling about must marvel at the police skill. Even more remarkable than the police mastery of the situation is the fact that no matter what the occasion is, or the time of year, or the weather, there are always two persons left outside for every one who goes inside. No wonder they mill about.

I'm not going to offer figures for all parts of the city. In general, they are widely known: a million at Coney Island on a hot weekend; two million in lower Broadway for a ticker-tape parade; a million or a million-and-a-half on Fifth Avenue between Forty-fourth and Sixtieth streets for a moderately big parade.

There is only one thing wrong with all these figures: A few years ago someone, using the measurements of the Fifth Avenue sidewalks and the crossings, and allowing for a clear passage near the building line, figured that if a million persons were standing between Forty-fourth and Sixtieth Streets they would be standing in tiers—five high.

—JOHN FERRIS.

Gross Figures

Very Nice, Rembrandt, But How About a Little More Color?

The world is too full of people whom were I their parent I would ruthlessly disown.

They are those who cannot leave well alone.

Indeed, there is no limit to the impudence of these tasteless noddies;

Far from leaving well alone, when confronted with the best they become the most meddlesome of Matties, the busiest of bodies.

It is scarcely two centuries since there flourished a cult of pedantic prigs and prudes who should have had their quill pens washed with soap;

It was their aim to transmute pure Shakespeare into adulterated Pope.

More recently another cult has thrust upon us with a portentousness smugly oracular

A homogenized version of the King James Bible popularized into what it presumes to be our vernacular.

I thought that here the compulsion to improve the unimprovable had reached its acme,

Sort of like the Bell Song from Lakmé,

But no, we now have another movement for improvement bent on fluoridating the springs Pierian.

It is equally irksome, even though its grotesqueries do not run to the Jacobean or the Shakespearean.

This is the personality cult developed by our popular recording artists, both vocalists and wielders of batons,

And they have perfected a method of making sows' ears from silk purses and geese from swans.

It consists, both here and in Britain,

Of simply not performing the song as written.

The arranger takes a superior look at the original Gershwin melodic or tempo line

And re-arranges the arrangement while bouncing on a trampoline.

And how can you be even satiric

About the singer who sets out to point up a Porter lyric?
There is a current version of *Just One of Those Things* as emended by a songstress of renown

In which she corrects the phrasing and ruins the rhythm by shouting "We'd have been aware that our love affair was too *darned* hot not to cool down."

This particular example truly puts the whole process of lily-painting on the spot;

If Mr. Porter had wanted to write "too darned hot" instead of "too hot" he would have written "too darned hot," as we may deduce from the fact that he later did so in a song called *Too Darned Hot*.

Let us then improve the wording of Bulwer-Lytton by remarking that in the lexicon of lily-painters there is no such word as shame.

O Liberty, how many liberties are taken in thy name!

—OGDEN NASH.

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Catch up with the world's best seller* this August

The Digest is where you pause and take stock of meaningful ideas and events. It's where you catch up. And keep up.

In a day when most of us are inundated with reading matter of fleeting interest, it's good to have Reader's Digest.

In its clear, thoughtful atmosphere, you can relax with articles of lasting interest.

Concise, readable, lively, The Digest will give you an August-ful of reading—timely and timeless. For example:

Is Russia still our greatest danger? Or does China pose a greater threat to American security? Dr. William E. Griffith, a distinguished authority on communism, tells how the new Kremlin men—like the old—are still "dedicated to the overthrow of the West and the triumph of world communism."

What can a heat wave do to your heart? Experts agree that heat and humidity have the same effect on your heart as violent exercise. Here's advice on air conditioners, cool drinks, loose clothing and cold showers. Read the safe-and-sane rules to "beat the heat and be kind to your heart."

An incredible rescue in Vietnam. A U.S. fighter plane landed in flames on a Vietcong airstrip. The experts said there wasn't a chance of rescuing the man inside. But a Major named Barney Fisher had other ideas. "And what can you do with a guy like that?" asked the man he saved. A breathtaking tale of heroism.

Is your child in the wrong grade? "If you have a child in school today, the chances are about 50-50 that he is at least a grade ahead of the one he should be in." True or false? All too true. In an exclusive article for The Digest, two famous psychologists tell why age and I.Q. are *not* the most important yardsticks in today's education.

"On the Edge of Nowhere: An Alaskan Saga." Jim Huntington was left alone in a hard, cruel land with 7 children—penniless but deeply courageous. "You have to fight for whatever is important to you. My white father taught me that lesson. And my mother, who was Indian, lived it." A condensation of the $4.50 book.

Fashion note: paper clothes are "in." When paper dresses were introduced last spring for $1.25 apiece, a revolution in the clothing industry seemed to have arrived. What's happened since? Plenty.

What happens when you sleep? "The long night's journey" into sleep is a strange, profoundly mysterious process of the body and mind. Today, scientists are only beginning to glimpse some of its fascinating complexities. A report on an astounding—and wonderful—world.

And along with these articles, The August Digest will introduce you to: *"Tunnel Rats" and the Red Moles of Vietnam, Cole Porter—My Most Unforgettable Character; The Inflatable Raft To Ensure Survival at Sea* and *Out Through the Bamboo Curtain.*

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Reader's Digest

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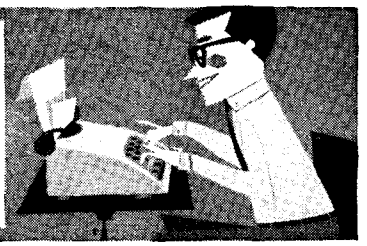
Top of My Head



Boy Meets Girl

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE William O. Douglas, age sixty-seven, met Cathleen Heffernan, age twenty-three. They fell in love and were married.

Frank Sinatra, chairman of the board, met Mia Farrow, age twenty-one. They fell in love and were married.

The Representative from Alabama arose in the chamber of the House, and, in an obvious move to divert attention from what is going on in his state, loudly decried the marriage of Justice Douglas, age sixty-seven, to Cathleen, age twenty-three. He called for an investigation.

It was apparent to all that the Congressman did not call for an investigation of Mr. Sinatra. You don't fool around with Frankie. And it's too bad, too. This could have lent a Cyprian touch to the *Congressional Record* that would have made it Number 1 on anybody's book list.

This hubbub must have come as a shock to wily old Justice Douglas, who had evidently timed his marriage to coincide with Sinatra's. The justice felt sure he could ride his marriage in on the coattails of Frank, who would get all the front page headlines and pictures.

HE was correct. The newspaper stories concerned themselves mostly with photos of the nine-carat ring Frank had given Mia. Justice Douglas is known as one of our great liberals. But not that liberal.

If the Congressman hopes to pass a law to determine at which disparity in age a marriage is permissible he is about to lose the 19,000,000 votes of our senior citizens. Congress only recently passed the Medicare bill to prolong the lives of the sixty-five-and-overs. Now, if the Congressman has his way, who will want to live to be over sixty-five?

Love abides no season; no reason. Please consider this: When Justice Douglas will have reached the age of one hundred and twenty-seven, Cathleen will be eighty-three. Let's leave the two old folks alone!

The Representative from Alabama was joined in this debate by several other Congressmen who got their snide and personal remarks into the record before the debate ended. Fortunately for Justice Douglas, when the call for an investigation was made, someone in the House mistook it for a civil rights bill. So it got lost in a welter of that sort of legislation now being leisurely considered by the lawmakers.

This may come as a surprise to the lawmakers in our nation's capital, but marriages are made in heaven. Not in the Congress. This is not a debate on how best to keep 600,000,000 people from spreading Communism over all of Southeast Asia. This concerns merely two people who desperately want to commune compatibly every morning in a breakfast nook. And they will if you leave them alone.

IT has come to a pretty pass when a bridegroom has to stand around waiting to get an OK from a Congressman so that he can marry a girl half, or even a third, his age. Neither the Justice nor Frank has the patience to play the waiting game. When you reach September it gets to be a long long time from May to December. Especially when it gets around October or November.

Even at that they got married a month later than the traditional month for June weddings. They were married in July. You see, when you get older you slow down a little.

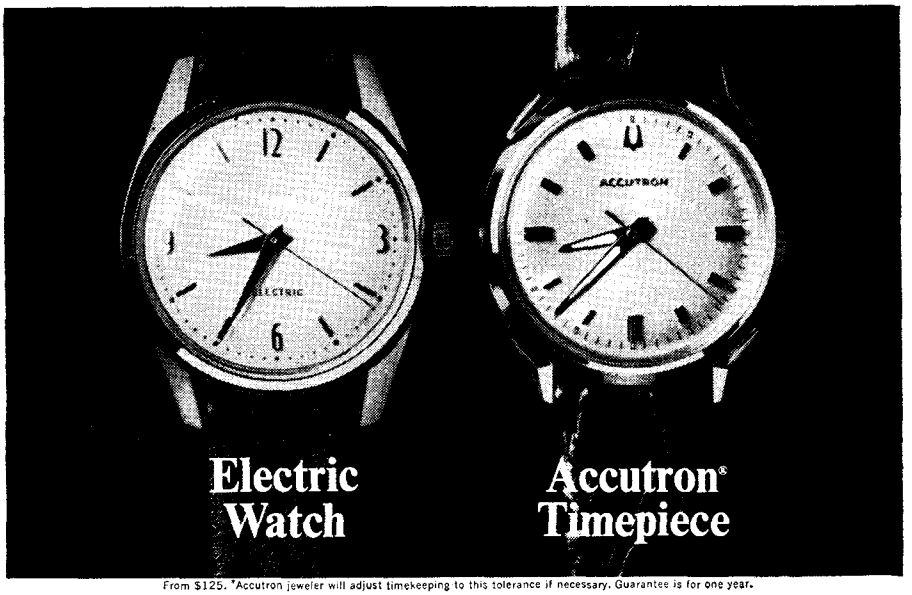
And by now interest in William and Cathleen has waned. But the Frank and Mia romance still remains in the news, thanks to the showmanship of the talented Mr. Sinatra. The story that captured the hearts of his millions of admirers was the one which detailed the confrontation of the bride and groom with Mr. Sinatra's mother.

That was the poignant touch that demonstrated to the world that this was no flighty, overnight idyl. The warm and affectionate love of Frank for his mother has long ago been established. This was the son coming home with his intended bride for his mother's blessing. And all that lovely lady knew was what she had read in the papers. Frank introduced his chosen bride.

"Mama," said Frank, "Mia."

And Mama, gazing at the beautiful young girl, softly replied: "*Mama mia!*"

—GOODMAN ACE.



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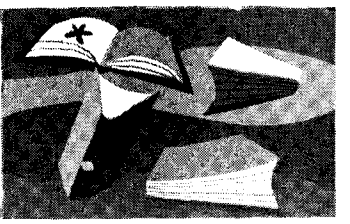
Trade Winds



In the first week of January, 1923, an eight-year-old, dealing with an age-old family problem, posted the following notice on the door of his room in his cramped apartment. It still gets the message across.

"Nobody may come into this room if the door is shut tight (if it is shut not

quite latched it is all right) without knocking. The person in the room if he agrees that one shall come in will say 'come in,' or something like that and if he does not agree to it he will say 'Not yet, please,' or something like that.

"The door may be shut if nobody is in the room but if a person wants to come in, knocks and hears no answer that means that there is no one in the room and he must not go in.

"Reason. If the door is shut tight and a person is in the room the shut door means that the person in the room wishes to be left alone."

I was at the Central Park Zoo watching the two baby gorillas playing in their cage. A lady got into an argument with the keeper. She insisted on being allowed to give her transistor radio to the little anthropoids. The keeper talked her out of it, saying they would simply break the radio. She left in high dudgeon, holding the instrument to her own ear. I was thinking this over while in line at the zoo cafeteria, when the ragged person in front of me paid for his sandwich with a $50 bill.

That's where the action is—at the zoo, baby.

Is Secretary of State Dean Rusk unwittingly spreading the party line? He keeps referring to the capital of China as Peiping, when the rest of the world calls it by its proper name, Peking. Peiping comes from the Mandarin meaning "northern peace," words that I don't believe Secretary Rusk cares to associate with Red China.

Furthermore, he mispronounces Peiping as though it were the home town of a voyeur named Tom. In Chinese, Peiping is pronounced like "Bay-ping." Peking is pronounced "Bay-jing." It means "northern capital," and it has been the city's name since 1421, except during this century's Nationalist period, when Peiping was used.

I wrote to the Secretary of State to ask him why he called Red China's capital "northern peace." The reply was that "Government spokesmen," from President Johnson on down, "have on various occasions" used both names for the Chinese city. "Usage is primarily a matter of individual taste and habit and no policy inferences should be drawn."

Well, it's a relief to know, just as I thought, that it doesn't make sense.

If Rusk starts talking about St. Petersburg, I'm going to write him again.

In answer to my July 2 query about bikinis, I am told by W. L. Bartlett that there is a motion picture being exhibited in Philadelphia called *The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini.*

Nobody has presented me with a credible theory as to why the skimpy outfit is so named. But Vivian Martin points out that in Marshallese the word means "big stink," which is what the bikini has caused on some conservative beaches.

The latest edition of Robert Neumann's autobiography has some changes in the index. The names of the current personalities mentioned in the text are still listed in the index, but the page numbers have been dropped. The well-known German novelist and satirist explains it in a footnote:

"This index of names has been misused by readers of earlier editions. They looked up the passages referring to themselves or to their close enemies and friends and ignored the rest of the book. This has prompted the author to omit the numbers of pages in this and subsequent editions."

Sharps and Flats: Robert Cromie, book review editor of the Chicago *Tribune,* told me that when he met Jeane Dixon for an interview, it was suggested that they stop first and have a cup of coffee. "I know a good place," the seer said, and she gave directions. When they arrived, the restaurant was closed—an event Miss Dixon had not predicted.

► It is becoming more and more apparent that one of the major disasters in the history of mankind was the invention of the wheel.

► Two girls I know were working together at the graduate school of the University of Wisconsin. They both quit one course when the teacher said to one of them, "You and Lynn are negatively reenforcing each other."

► They will build modern 100-mile-an-hour trains to run between Boston, New York, and Washington, but the toilets will still be holes in the floor as they were, I presume, in the "Tom Thumb" in 1830.

► A discovery has shocked some people. At Arlington, souvenir models of the cemetery's Iwo Jima Memorial are offered for sale. They were made in Japan.

► Author Alexander Eliot, in an attempt to outdo Marshall McLuhan, informs me that the ideal book is edible. His latest, *Love Play,* is not.

► Bernard Shaw wrote novels before plays. They weren't successful and one rejected manuscript was thrown into a corner of his London digs, where rodents nibbled at it. Later, Shaw commented, "Even the mice couldn't finish it."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's

Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1687)

Helen Mac Innes:

(THE) DOUBLE IMAGE

A balcony does funny things to a man. Either he wants to make speeches, have every face upturned, shouts from every throat to prove how gloriously right he is; or he looks down over the black dots of heads, and he thinks "Where do all the people come from?"

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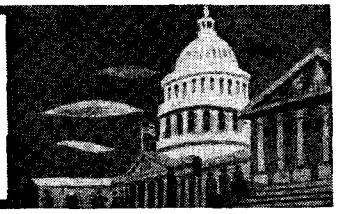
State of Affairs



Vermont Magic

MARLBORO, VERMONT.

I SAW a deer hop across the road, but the roadside warning was not what I would have expected. It read: MUSICIAN AT PLAY. To find Marlboro in Vermont was not easy. There are, thank God, no eye-catching road signs, no neon lights, no garish posters. Not surprisingly, I at first overshot a tiny marker which among four village names also mentioned Marlboro, where I hoped to spend a long weekend listening to music.

This is the time of the year when weekends in Washington become oppressive, when the yearning to get away from politics and the rest of the treadmill becomes irresistible. The Marlboro Music Festival seemed to me exactly what the doctor would order. I expected a great deal because two masters, Rudolf Serkin and Pablo Casals, were going to play that weekend; but I found much more than I had hoped for. I found something quite unique. And "festival" really is the wrong description.

Snug in the soft, green Vermont woods, with a spectacular view over the rolling hills, are a group of white frame houses which form Marlboro College; during the summer months the college is transformed into a sort of musicians' institute of advanced studies. Some eighty professional musicians gather, mostly at their own expense, to play for the love of their music and not as a public spectacle—which the word "festival" usually implies.

The concerts attended by the public are given only on Saturdays and Sundays. But you can do something that is much more musical and rewarding in a very special way: you can listen to rehearsals, to first-class musicians playing for themselves and for each other, and mostly compositions they would normally have small chance of playing. With eighty musicians present and virtually every instrument represented in considerable number, some rare chamber pieces are performed.

Well before his arrival, each musician submits a list of choice suggestions, and by mutual agreement normally at least two or three of an individual's preferences are added to the program for rehearsal. And so one is able to wander from one small campus cottage to another to listen to a rarely performed string quartet or woodwind sextet, to individual pianists and singers, as each rehearses. In every group there is a leader-artist who unobtrusively offers guidance, and it is in effect these artists who finally decide when a work is ready for the concert platform.

Some of the musicians are solo instrumentalists, many are leading members of symphony orchestras who feel that by playing the year round in harness with a large group their own standards decline. They come here to Marlboro for a kind of musical rehabilitation, for an opportunity to match their own artistry against that of other individuals in small groups.

The "treatment" is not an unfailing success. Only recently, a one-time *wunderkind*, eager for a comeback at past thirty, arrived eager and full of hope. Two weeks later he left in deep distress—but he was an exception. Many have been coming again and again. But the selection which the organizers have to make with the limited space at their disposal is not always easy. Musicians come with their wives and children, willingly accepting life in dormitories; and many who normally would be especially careful not to "use" their fingers for other than their instruments can be seen pitching in to carry the rough-hewn tables out of the dining hall to clear it for rehearsals.

THE idea for this remarkable experiment first germinated with the late Adolf Busch, the violinist, and Rudolf Serkin, his brother-in-law, whose gentle, generous, and saintlike spirit continues to inspire this enterprise and has made it a living institution.

I have met Serkin over the years both before and after his concerts, usually tense and anxious, with his mind on the concert. But here at Marlboro I found him completely at ease, happy, and content. He infuses this musical campus with his devotion to music and his unobtrusive strength of character. At the concert the other Sunday when he led two very young artists, Paula and Robert Sylvester—one a flutist, the other a cellist—through Haydn's *Trio in G Major*, it was, of course, a great moment for the two highly talented young people, but it quite plainly was also a delight and immense satisfaction to the maestro. The Marlboro Orchestra which Casals conducted has a wide range of outstanding artists, including the romantically inclined Schneider Brothers (of Budapest String Quartet fame).

Last year before the orchestra left on a tour of Europe under Sascha Schneider's baton, the group of "thirty-nine individual artists," as they were called, gathered to listen to an official from the State Department who came specially to Marlboro to brief them on Europe. Many of them actually are of central European birth (English, they themselves say, is *also* spoken in Marlboro), but they listened charitably to the official and withheld comment.

Listening to this orchestra, I was reminded that when music is played for sheer enjoyment, and not before an audience that has paid to listen, there is somehow a special enchantment, a fresh and deliberate and uninhibited sound.

The presence of Pablo Casals was something altogether special. He belonged more to the festival side of the occasion rather than to the music laboratory. He had come to help his friend Serkin, to provide an added attraction and inspiration. For despite the donations from assorted foundations and private sources, Marlboro needs still more money and these concerts, usually sell-outs, greatly help the cause.

Casals still walks, conducts, plays, and debates with the energy of a man of sixty, and he is approaching his ninetieth birthday. What has kept him young? "Love," he says. "Love for music, love of family, love of flowers, love of life." And what has given him the greatest satisfaction in life? The man who has been twenty-seven years in exile from Spain, the land where he was born, says: "Living up to my principles." And he is just as uncompromising about his musical tastes. "Contemporary music," he says, "is an error."

I asked how he felt about Arnold Schoenberg. He said he was a good friend who loved what Casals considers to be good music, but had a deep and abiding desire to contribute to the *future* of music. When Casals saw him a few months before his death he found him sad and depressed because he thought he had done harm to music.

On contemporary music, Casals had a few words of his own: "I must say, with regret, we are lost. What is called music is not music. It's like words that mean nothing. But I hope it will come back again." The watery blue eyes in his small head saddened, then came to life as he talked of his gardening, his walks, his music, his pupils—and plainly he enjoys them all.

Yet he did not give the impression that each was to him particularly precious, that every day at that age meant something special to him. It was simply all part of his normal, everyday life.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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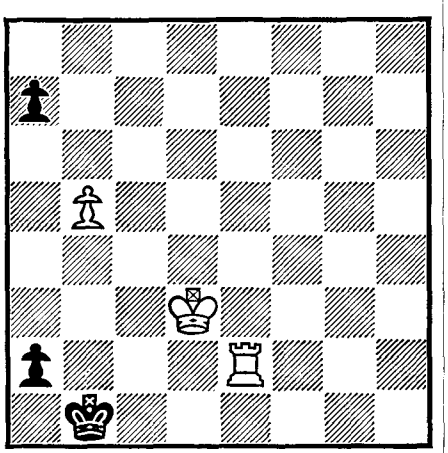
Chess Corner—No. 104

CHESS is divided into over-the-board play and problems and endings. The first is competitive, where the prevailing plan is to win by any means. This encompasses all legal moves and maneuvers—tricks, traps, psychological strokes, any and every way.

Problems and endings, however, are devoid of competition. They are composed positions with specified stipulations, the fulfilment of which are the required solutions. They are for the purist who prefers abstract theory to concrete practice. But in solving them, the player will improve his skill. Below is a tantalizing example.



WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN

Superficially, it seems that White should win with ease. He can give up his Rook for the menacing Pawn and pick off the remaining Pawn. But this plan falls short. Hence—

1 R-Klch	K-N7
2 R-QR1	K-N6

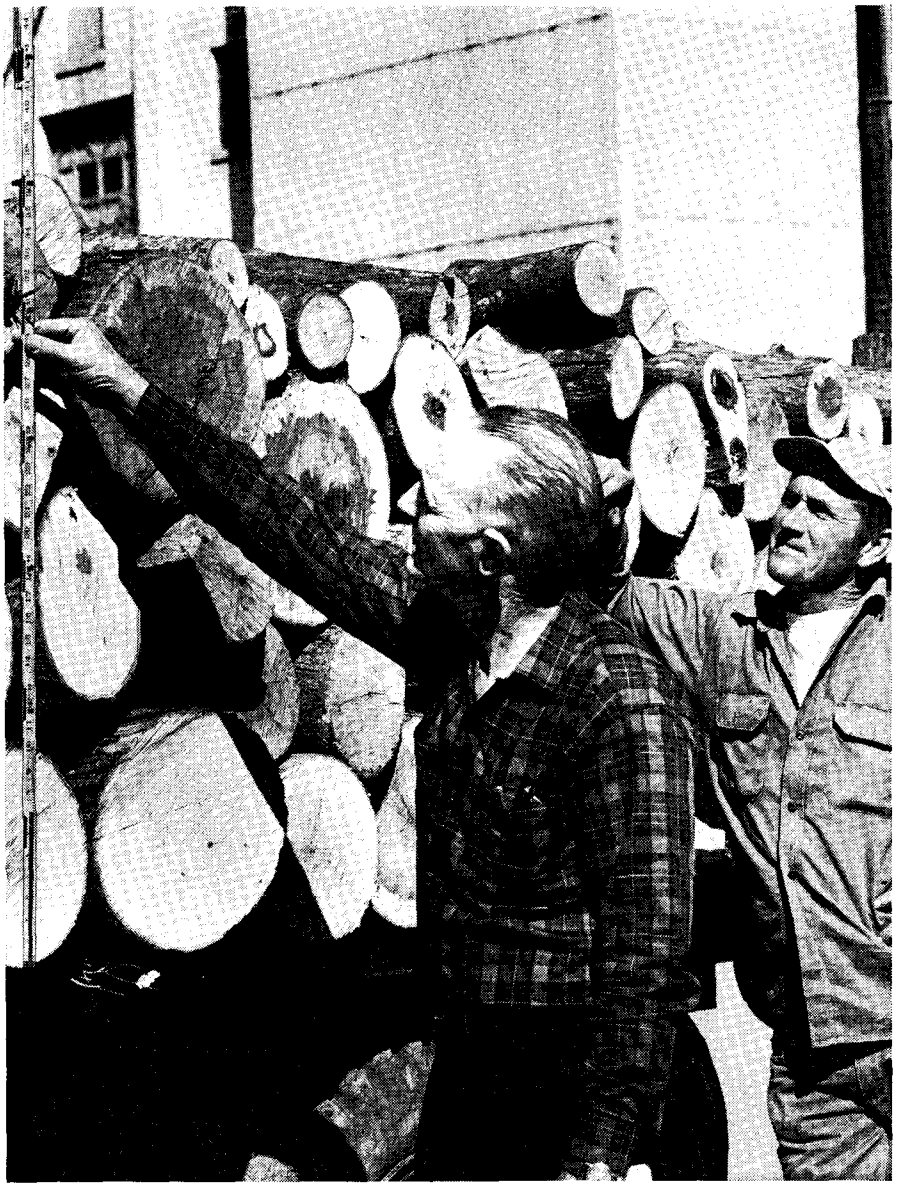
Soon Black will be forced to take the Rook.

3 K-Q2	K-N7
4 K-Q1	KxR

If 4 . . . K-N6, K-B1!

5 K-B2	P-R4
6 P-N6	P-R5
7 P-N7	P-R6
8 K-Q2!	K-N7
9 P-N8/Qch	Resigns

The final denouement is brought about by the stalemate of the hostile King. Bereft of King moves, Black is compelled to advance his Pawn and clear the path for White's Pawn to march to the eighth rank unimpeded. At that, White must yet be careful. Should he promote to a Queen or Rook on his eighth turn, the result will be stalemate! —AL HOROWITZ.



A LOAD OF HARD MAPLE is a welcome sight to our office manager because it takes a lot to properly smooth out Jack Daniel's.

Neighbors with a use for extra money can count on our buying their hard maple. You see, it takes 10 cords to make enough charcoal to fill just one of the Charcoal Mellowing vats we seep our whiskey through. That's because it's ground up fine and packed tightly 10 feet deep. And the *sippin'* smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is well worth all we do to keep a good supply.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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Few people can answer this question correctly. How about you?

Last year, the U.S. imported 10½ million tons of steel. If this steel had been made in the U.S., how many jobs would it have meant?

About:
- ☐ 90,000
- ☐ 70,000
- ☐ 50,000
- ☐ 30,000
- ☐ 10,000

If that entire tonnage of steel products had been made in this country, it would have meant over 70,000 more jobs in the steel industry. If you take into account employment in supporting industries such as mining, mill supply, transportation, trade and other services, the total rises to over 130,000 jobs. In fact, the 10½ million tons of steel products imported last year equalled the combined shipments of the fifth and sixth largest American steel producers, who employ—directly—79,000 people.

USS United States Steel

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Saturday Review
August 13, 1966

WHEN WRITERS TALK ABOUT WRITING

Recently, an international conference of writers took place in Lahti, Finland, some sixty miles north of Helsinki. The conference was held under the auspices of the Eino Leino Society, a group of Finnish writers, critics, and artists who have come together in the name of the great Finnish poet. Also participating in sponsorship were the Lahti Summer University and the City of Lahti. Authors from Europe and the Americas were invited to consider problems and purposes in modern writing. The discussion centered on three papers: "Four Questions for Writers," by Erih Košš, of Yugoslavia; "The Mood of the Writer," by Jan Myrdal, of Sweden; and "The Writer as World Citizen," by Norman Cousins, of the United States.

Erih Košš is the author of "Big Mac," "Snow and Ice," "Sparrows of Van-pe," and "Names." Jan Myrdal is co-author with his father, the famed sociologist Gunnar Myrdal, of "Chinese Journey," and author of "Report from a Chinese Village."

1. The Writer as Craftsman

By ERIH KOS

> Accursed questions! It is impossible to get rid of them by way of allegory or hypothesis; they demand straight answers!
>
> You start a question and it is like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others.

THUS COMPLAINED the sarcastic Heine and the highly imaginative Robert Louis Stevenson, author of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. And with good reason, too. For it seems to be more difficult to cope with questions in the literary domain than in any other field of human activity.

How many are the questions that can be written upon a blank sheet of paper and how little room is there for the answers to them, provided we know them? And while it is in the nature of all human endeavor to cancel questions out, and of scientific work both to delete them and to pose them, literary and all other artistic activities are preceded and followed by questions. And who can say which of the two is worse or more difficult? The widening paths of literary creativeness are dotted with question marks, and at the main crossroads four fateful, accursed and menacing questions stand out like four immense signposts.

Erih Kos

The first question is: *What to write and about what?*

What shall we write: poems, short stories, a novel or perhaps a play? And what shall we write about: our sorrows or pains, our loves, yearnings, or else our joys, which, after all, may not be of interest to anyone but ourselves? Or shall we recount the lives and destinies of others, those we really know nothing about?

Even before we put pen to paper, we ask ourselves all these questions as well as a world of others—while our desire and need to write most frequently precedes a clear and full awareness about what we want to accomplish and what we are in fact capable of accomplishing. Spontaneously and uncontrollably, youthfully exuberant feelings surge up from within us, brimming over the top, and ignorant of where they are flowing or by what they will be caught. Everything inside us that as an initial mild collision or conflict with our environment caused a feeling of insecurity, loneliness, yearning, pain, or sorrow (joys usually being sufficient unto themselves and not requiring poetical transposition) is still insufficiently aware, still vague, incoherent, amorphous, and murky. And however forceful it may be as an emotion which must be given vent to, on paper there emerge only inarticulate cries and moans, as from the lips of a mute.

These are not the dilemmas or confusion of certain individuals alone, of those who are uninitiated, of those who are not the chosen ones. This is a matter of objective necessity and a case of natural law before which all men are equal. And as every individual traverses in a short space of time the entire biological development of the species, so in literature, where again Haeckel's famous law on ontogenesis as a brief recapitulation of phylogenesis applies, every beginner must traverse anew the entire path of development of the literary genre—at an accelerated tempo, to be sure, but on an ever longer path—and begin his true artist's life on an increasingly higher level.

The young poets who today make their debuts in the literary journals have behind them the experience of several generations of poets, and are supported by a far richer arsenal of ideas and feelings. But when they find themselves confronted with a highly complex world —one which surrounds them with a new web of unknowns and problems—even they are not spared the accursed questions: what to write and about what subjects to write? Most often they,

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too, are incapable of making the right answers.

Still inexperienced and frequently confused, they feel that they themselves constitute a world—the only one worth writing about. They feel the sky hangs above them alone, and that they alone fill the cosmos. And, lacking straight answers, as well as topics other than themselves, they write in the modern verse idiom with the aid of a sea of allegory and metaphor, an introverted, intimate, more or less sentimental lyric poetry. And, as every man must learn to walk and speak, so will these young *literati*, independent of the experiences of foregoing generations of poets, have to pass through life's school of experience if they want the world to lay before them all the wealth of its colors, forms, and motifs. For is it not a fact that it is only to the ignorant and the blind that the world seems poor, plain, monotonous, and simple?

While walking along the streets of one of our provincial towns before the war, I often saw in the window of a small house a pretty young girl sitting quite motionless, not moving even her eyelids, for hours and hours. She resembled an old-fashioned portrait with its dark background encased in a golden frame. This picture, never leaving my mind's eye, became a painful obsession which held me for long. In the monotony of the small town, this image seemed to me the only one worth molding into a literary form. I could think of nothing else, and for years I kept writing only this one story. Moreover, I never succeeded in completing it. (I was unable to make one step forward and away from this particular image-symbol.) And this was a good thing! Loyalty to one theme is not highly regarded in literature, and is even considered a proof of little knowledge and scant imagination, rather than a virtue.

To compound this image into a story, I should have learned the background and destiny of that girl, become acquainted with a whole range of facts and details pertaining to her life, to that of her family, and the country town in which she was living. (Many years later, I happened to notice her faded picture, soiled by flies, in the window of the local photographer: she was wearing a wedding gown, smiling happily, and nestling close to her bridegroom, who was sitting stiff as a sergeant-major. I then learned that she had borne children, had grown quite fat, and, some time ago, I also ascertained that the old Bosnian house in which she had lived had been torn down. In its place there now stood a new, taller house, while on the ground floor, within the wooden frame of a window, a young girl was again sitting, motionless and gazing forlornly into the deserted street and the coming dusk.)

One, then, should either take up or abandon this theme, make use of it, and then leave it, or else should seek better, firmer props in the whirlpools and torrents of life. Yet, to be able to act in such a manner, one must know how to select, one must first go through the long and difficult school of life, the only one that offers us a wider choice. But then, in the work we have chosen to do, and just as we have freed ourselves from the first question, there immediately follows the second question.

The second question is: *How shall we write?*

A great, wonderful story-teller contended that every one of his tales came out of a single sentence. By this he meant that his story was derived from a single idea, that it had grown out of a single segment of life, remarked and registered out of the observation and experiences gained in the school of life. And, indeed, nearly every short story, if carefully examined, can be found to be reducible to only one expanded sentence:

► The father, who for years neglected his family, gambles away all his property, and, after a dramatic night during which he comes close to suicide, realizes (in part, thanks to his wife's conciliatory and courageous bearing) that his family is his staunchest support, and, thus reborn, he invites his son to attend early morning prayer with him for the first time in their lives.

► An invalid returns from the war, and while he is still being overwhelmed with the initial gratitude of patriotic citizens, he becomes tragically aware that at that very instant he has become a beggar.

► The Grand Vizier, after nearly losing his position and life in one of the court's intrigues, and apprehending the transience and brevity of human successes and joys, decides to build a powerful stone bridge to defy Time itself, but, well aware of the falseness of vanity, he therefore purposely fails to have any inscription placed upon the bridge.

► Two girls, daughters of an Austrian general, while traveling through the mountains of Bosnia come upon a girl who has just been bitten by a snake, and, unable to help her, they suddenly understand all the seriousness, anguish, and misery of life.

Among those familiar with Serbian literature, it is not difficult to recognize in these examples the contents of four often-anthologized stories. Thus recounted, they seem indeed to have been drawn from only one idea. But even a skillful writer finds it difficult to understand how these few apparently slight events could grow into the famous stories of Laza Lazarevic and Ivo Andric. Should he try to emulate them, and himself attempt to cast into a tale something that he has seen and experienced, he may not succeed, no matter how interesting the event itself may be. For, if the first condition for creating literature

"This oughta shake 'em up a bit!"

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is to know life, the following one is to know the writer's craft.

These two conditions can be fulfilled by mastering them one after the other, but almost never simultaneously, one alongside the other. The story-teller must know first of all that to narrate is one thing and that the narration is another. "To narrate" is an infinitive, with its indefinite time and duration, and one which is unconsciously used by every man speaking prose. The word "narration" is a substantive.

Before commencing his work, the writer must decide whether he will write his story in the first or third person, recounting or describing objectively, letting the facts speak for themselves, or else subjectively, investing them with his comments, colors, warmth, and interpretation. Shall he start from the beginning, following a natural course of events as was formerly done? Or shall he start at the end, with the death of the hero, and continue thus upstream to his birth, as is the fashion nowadays?

He must, in addition, grasp the proper extent to which he may use interpretation, learn to say only as much as is needed for the reader's full comprehension, and at the same time not exaggerate with explanations, like a bore who tells the same jokes over. He must seek, as Maupassant advised and required: "The only word which can imbue facts with life, that verb which alone can make them live and that adjective which alone can properly describe them. He needs to search constantly, until the right word is found, the right verb and adjective, never satisfied with approximate or halfway solutions, and never having recourse to deceptions, even the cleverest ones, such as monkeying about with words to avoid difficulties."

THE tasks and difficulties indeed are not light, and it is no wonder that Bora Stankovic found writing more strenuous than digging, while Flaubert speaks of the torture of writing. But even after overcoming these problems the writer is still not free of pitfalls—even when he has traversed the school of life and mastered the writer's art, collected sufficient knowledge and facts, supplied himself with the necessary number of themes and subjects, and, when he has learned to approach each from the right angle, knowing what he can do with it and what he may expect from it. When he thinks he has mounted to the top of Parnassus, he finds himself on Calvary, and it is then, in his maturity, that he is confronted by the third question.

The third questions is: *When?*

When shall we write what we have jotted down? And when shall we achieve all those things for which we have been training ourselves for so long? Our best years have been spent in learning and now, when Sesame's door of life is open to us, when we have learned the magic word that moves it, we suddenly feel that it is too late. And just as wishes are generally fulfilled only when they have become worn and spent through long expectation, so we now feel that we are facing what has finally become our lot, in a confused and disconcerted manner.

"Say it, I'm the reason you're not sitting on top of the world!"

Life has presented us with an inexhaustible source of themes, and, just as it took men a long time to discover the priceless particles of uranium in a plain stone, so we, once impotent in our paucity of theme and idea, have now suddenly learned to discover in every man an unwritten novel; in every human action material for a story; dramatic tensions in conflicts; and the motives for songs in moods. Like a child who dreams of standing before a rich dining table, but who lacks a spoon to sample the preferred delicacies, we discover with surprise that our greed is greater than our stomach, our pockets are too small, and our strength insufficient to carry it all away with us. But, instead of being satisfied with what is within arm's reach, we often try to grasp everything that is in view, more even than our arms can embrace, and we remain empty-handed.

Panic-stricken, we ask ourselves when and how in the short time left to us shall we be able to make use of all the wealth of this most inexhaustible of mines? We recall one of time's peculiar qualities which, now that we have learned that time does not flow evenly, even in the cosmos, I believe is not only psychological. The more we advance into the years, the fewer years have we before us, the more swiftly time passes. The hours and days are not always of the same temporal value. In youth they are much longer than in later years. When, if ever, therefore, shall we manage to write about even a small portion of the planned or sketched-out dramas, poems, novels, stories, and essays, when we can hardly produce one, two, or three books a year?

Our attention now is often drawn to a piece of news or a newspaper article, or else someone desires to tell us about his life as being fit perhaps for a novel. We express our thanks in a tired voice and fail to reach for our notebook because the themes we already have are legion but the time at our disposal is short. What literary theme has been totally exhausted and whose literary work is a totally rounded off accomplishment?

DESPITE the fifty-odd books it contains, Balzac's *Comédie humaine* remained unfinished; even Zola's *Rougon-Macquart* series was not completed; Stendhal's *Lucien Leuwen* remained largely a sketch, as did Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, to mention only a few eminent examples of writers who certainly bit deep enough into their themes. Branko Radičevic left his poems in tatters, numbers of other writers left only bare outlines, and the reason for this was not always a premature death. Misfortune never comes alone; it always appears in company, clothed in the black robe of accursed questions. For no sooner have we asked ourselves when than, one or two months later, there looms before us the decisive fourth and last question.

The fourth question is: *Why and for what purpose?*

Not for what reason, nor for whose sake, but why and for what purpose? Few are the writers who have not at each instant of their careers asked themselves the first two questions. Wise Montaigne believed he wrote so as to know himself better; in order to appeal to his audience, asserted the dramatist and actor Molière; to touch the hearts of people, added the moralist Racine. And the rest, in various ways, did so from necessity, for art's sake, to present a picture of their times, and for a hundred other reasons that could justify their

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activity to themselves and to the world.

In our fourth and final question, however, there is more bitterness and suspicion than either wonder or hesitation. It is, in fact, more of a reply and a verdict than a true question. It is now no longer a matter of the goal and purpose of writing but of its value and meaning. The problem is no longer one of choice of path or direction, but rather of the value and meaning of the path taken.

All the much discussed reasons and aims of literary creativity, ranging from those invoking art for art's sake to utilitarian reasons—all the occasional questions, doubts, evaluations whereby we test and investigate our own work and its results in the course of the working process itself—now recede before the final question and judgment of the value and destiny of the whole opus. All work and creative activity is a way to snatch ourselves from the meaninglessness of transience, and it is no wonder at all that the final, decisive question appears precisely in connection with the problem of the significance and durability of our work. "Countless reasons urge me to write," said André Gide in his diary, "and the most important are those which, I would say, are the secret ones. Perhaps the most important is the effort to salvage something from death."

Writers have taken various attitudes to this question, which places before the judgment of time not only the writer's work but also the whole meaning of his life and activity. There are not many who are certain of what they have achieved, but there are those who are conscious of having done the best they could with what time and their talents allowed. They are the quiet ones, and, fearing nothing, they continue to work. Others, feeling defeated, with bowed head leave the field of battle. Still others, prior to any real defeat, when they might still accomplish a good deal—even do their best—gnawed by doubt, leave the fray prematurely, thus doing injustice to themselves and to literature.

The worst are those who feel that they have lost the battle but refuse to admit it. Instead of hurriedly changing something in their method of work, if that is still possible, they seem to think it is easier to change one's judges and delude one's readers. They attempt to overcome the doubts howling inside them by having Jericho trumpets blow loud praises, thus becoming the enemies of their own talents.

These, then, are the four accursed questions of writing, four questions that demand direct answers. But when we look for answers, we find, as one of the characters in *Alice in Wonderland* states, only this: "But answer came there none —(and this was scarcely odd because) they'd eaten every one."

2. *The Writer as World Citizen*

By NORMAN COUSINS

ERIH KOS poses four basic questions about the writer and his problems. There is perhaps a fifth question: What is the role or function of the writer in human society?

The writer is similar to the theologian in at least one respect. He seeks to meet the hunger in men for immortality. He makes it possible for his reader to add many lifetimes to his own. The inferior writer creates characters who live outside his reader, becoming mere objects of curiosity. The superior writer creates characters who live inside the reader, becoming genuine extensions of his own experience.

It is in this sense that the writer who enables his reader to become emotionally related to the lives of his characters fulfils the greatest desire of man, which is to live beyond his own brief moment in time. The writer also makes it possible for the reader to have lines of connection to previous lifetimes as well as to lifetimes to come. He provides the individual with freedom of choice: What kind of life does he wish to add to his own?

Another way of saying this, of course, is that the writer's art is measured by his ability to transcend personal memory. Memory is the proof of life. Nothing really happens to a man unless it becomes memory. Some people pass through life in a state of total antisepsis: They have not touched life nor have they been touched by it. The artist-writer refines the ability of an individual to have contact with life, to be at one with others, to make their memories his own. In this sense, the writer widens the path to the subconscious, and makes it possible for memories to take hold that would otherwise be barred.

Another seldom-extolled function of the writer is to enable an individual to sit still. Pascal once said that most of the disorders and evils in life are the result of man's inability to sit still and think. Our own age, however, is not likely to be distinguished in history for the large numbers of men who insisted on sitting still in order to pursue serious thought. Plainly, this is not the Age of Meditative Man. It is a sprinting, squinting, shoving age. Substitutes for repose are a billion-dollar business. Almost daily, new antidotes for contemplation spring into being and leap out from store counters. Silence, already the world's most critical shortage, is almost a nasty word. Modern man may or may not be obsolete, but he is certainly wired for sound, and he twitches as naturally as he breathes.

A writer, therefore, is something of a therapist. For his is the art that provides a person with fruitful solitude—sometimes in the heart of a crowd. The

(*Continued on page 42*)

"I'll tell you what's wrong with the intellectual establishment, they don't have it here!"

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3. The Mood of the Writer

By JAN MYRDAL

Jan Myrdal

WHEN DIPLOMATS and generals gather at international conferences they all declare their love for disarmament, peace and international brotherhood. This way of talking is the established form in which they always conduct a political and military struggle. This we all know. None of us believes all the statesmen; though some of us might believe some of them. Their use of words is not lying; it is a method of maneuver in order to gain better positions from which to attack. They are paid to use the accepted phrases for practical aims. Thus they tend to believe that the practical aims they are to achieve are manifestations of the phrases.

When they are old and pensioned (statesmen and generals tend to live long and die in bed) and the brotherhood they were paid to preach has ended in death and ruin for the people, they write books about their service for peace and international understanding, and are honored and respected. Even on their death beds they still believe their words.

When writers meet in situations where speeches are made (as distinct from when writers meet over drinks and talk softly, with hatred, about each other), someone is apt to say that we understand one another, that we share the same ultimate and lofty aims, that there is an international brotherhood of writers. This can be made to sound very beautiful. But this talk of unity is not only a polite phrasing; it has social consequences. If we really do believe that we share the same aims just because we live by putting words on paper and selling this product on the market, then we are so deeply lacking in insight in our own social function that we become quite incapable of any understanding. Even in a small country with a minor language, like Swedish, we have nothing in common—except the alphabet.

There is no possibility of reaching a common understanding on the role of literature, on what is contemporary, on what is good literature. It can be argued that once in the far past, in a tribal society where every man was a poet, such an understanding was possible, and that in the far future, in an egalitarian society, this will be possible. I doubt it; the tribal tales and songs that I have heard show nothing of this. The Cond girl who sings of excommunication from the tribe . . .

> No one stands by in trouble
> For everyone is afraid
> Even if it be a slender girl
> Standing frightened
> And tears falling from her dark eyes

. . . will not be understood by the excommunicators of the tribe.

And if there is any far future for us—of which I have some doubts, as I have met and talked to a number of statesmen and generals who are in a position to deny us any future, and I have been struck by their decided lack of intelligence and historical consciousness—and if this future is egalitarian, then such a future would be one in which Man has taken the leap from necessity to freedom. Which would imply more and more bitter—though rational and not so murderous—conflicts. We will never reach a common understanding of anything that is contemporary and important.

There are two fundamental realities of life that we have to understand and accept if we are to be rational. Both of them go strongly against our childish beliefs. We are not immortal, our lives are short, our days are numbered. There will never be any understanding; people will never meet with outstretched hands, lovingly, united, and as one soul. Most people in our Western culture never accept these facts. That makes them dangerous. The child is a dangerous animal. When his illusions and fears have the destructive potentialities of nuclear weapons within reach it is doubtful if we have any far future to look forward to.

TO overcome the murderous and irrational conflicts it is necessary to accept the necessity and rationality of conflict. Only by giving up the illusions does it become possible to handle realities. My individual life becomes meaningful only when I accept that it is short, begins in nothing, and ends in nothing. My acts become relevant only when I accept that even the framework inside of which they are performed, mankind, is temporary. As everything has its history, everything has its end. Nothing that exists exists otherwise than limited in time and space. And even if the far future can be, according to my values, a good one for those then living, the furthest future is darkness and death.

And in this very limited eternity in which we live and work there is no end to conflict until all ends (and then it only ends for us, as the conflicts of the dinosaurs ended with them, but those of the mammalians went on). The conflicts we live through and take part in are no abstractions. They are concrete clashes of interest between existing people. Every time they are resolved and it is said that an agreement has been reached or a revolution has triumphed, then this is only the beginning of a new conflict. We all experience this very keenly. The friends of today will be the enemies of tomorrow.

And as the world around us is continuously changing, this also means that if we hold the same opinions about the world today as yesterday, then we have changed our opinion. The truth I hold today will be the lie of tomorrow. If I am steadfast to my friends, I will betray my friends. If, in striving for a limited goal, this goal is reached and I uphold it, then I have changed sides.

I have spoken of conflict in the abstract. In the concrete world in which we live we all know which conflict is the main conflict. The few are rich and the many are poor. The few live long and the many die young. The majority of the population of our world is starving. The majority is downtrodden, trampled upon, exploited. And this majority is becoming conscious. It is questioning the whole structure of the world society.

In the more or less enlightened societies of the white European culture, from Vladivostok to London to California, the enlightened spirits have long since abolished the religious hell. But go to Calcutta and see hell. In the nineteenth century there were societies for the salvation of the poor in Europe. Now, as then, we have such organizations: aid programs, international relief, people sent out to the "poor" to preach this or that doctrine.

"You know we have our problems. If you just keep quiet and play our side of the game we will help you to socialism or democracy or consumer society or what you wish."

Joe Hill once sang:

> You will eat, bye and bye,
> In that glorious land in the sky,
> Work and pray, live on hay,
> You'll get pie in the sky when
> you die.

In the question of international as against national equality there is very little difference between socialist and capitalist countries of the white European culture. The change that is taking place is the same as the change in the concepts of the French Revolution after the revolution. The French bourgeoisie refused to understand that the French workers demanded a kind of equality other than that granted.

If we, as writers, thus say that we have common aims, and talk about hu-

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manity and liberation of the individual in the consumer society, or art and mutual understanding, this only means that we have chosen the side of the few against the many; the rich against the poor; that our social consciousness is one that expresses the need for equality among the rich.

Writing—or the living of an active life in general—is ultimately a question of the fundamental value system. If we accept the equality of the human race as our fundamental value, then we cannot accept the ideologies and values used to keep the economic, military, and cultural dominance of the rich, white, European minority over the exploited and starving majority. No society can go further than its writers. No politician can lead.

For many reasons, some of them penological, it is very difficult for us to express this conflict. In countries where the words could have direct social consequences writers expressing these ideas will rather quickly find themselves in jail. This is a hopeful sign. Jails, like academies, show the respect of the rulers for ideas. You jail the writers or you feed them till they become quiet. The latter method is more effective. In Sweden we are well fed. And it is said abroad by our embassies that we Swedish writers have, in an interesting fashion, verbalized the problem of individual happiness in a mixed-economy consumer society. We have a staff of highly salaried employees touring the world saying this. It increases our export of roller bearings and paper pulp, the politicians say to the bankers, who pay a part of it.

As ought to be quite clear from what I have said, I consider the discussion about "engagement" meaningless. There is no separate esthetic quality. The writer functions as a human being in a human world; he is not outside it. His words produce effects on the readers, whatever he himself believes. As the words are functional, the rational writer has to attempt to see in what way they function. Did Remarque in his time write a "pacifistic" novel? I'm not sure. Who were the readers? The ones who acted out the novel fifteen years later? Even if the Fascists burn the book the writer can never be sure that what he has written has not helped them.

We, in the European culture, are living in a world of fiction. The realities are hidden behind fictional trappings. The West European democracy and the East European socialism (to use the terms the societies use themselves) are both mythical; the words and the realities never meet. (I do not say that the societies are the same, or that there are no essential differences between Spain and Sweden or Italy and Poland.) If you turn to your neighbor and study his life—carefully describe what has happened to him during the last twenty years, what he has said at different times, what he has done, and why—then this description will become so insanely strange that he will immediately consider it unbelievable. The fictions have such power that nearly no man will trust his own experience when it diverges from the set of official and antiofficial fictions.

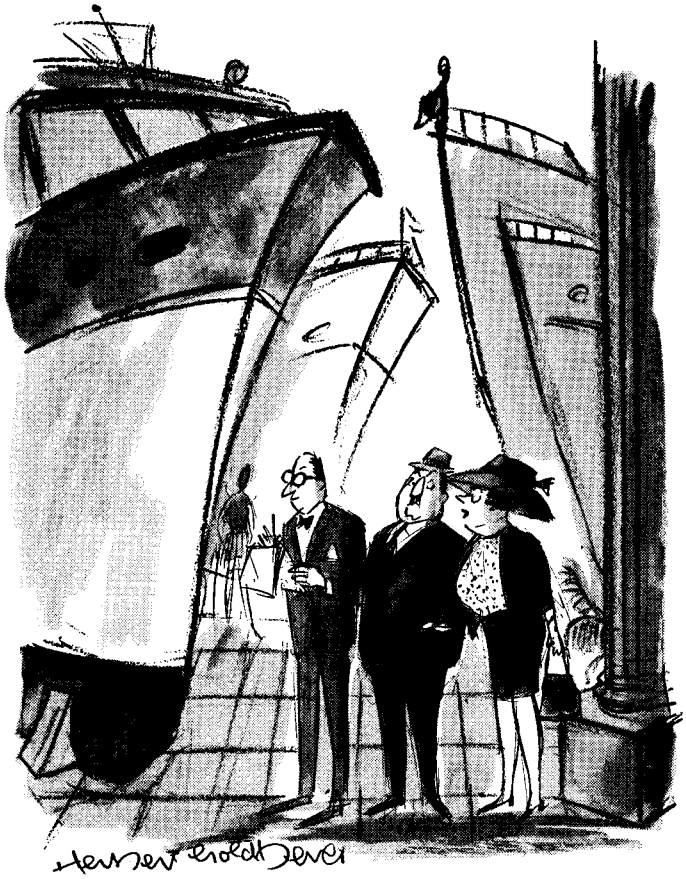
We are, quite literally, inmates of a society of hallucinatory realism. The fictions, the myths, the hallucinations of our society are not something external. They are absolutely necessary for the stability of our culture. The more dangerous and the more deadly they become for the individuals in these societies (and for the rest of the world), the stronger the social need for their preservation.

Writing fiction is one of the best methods of gaining consciousness about the functions of these myths. By describing your neighbor you slowly dissolve the fictions surrounding him. Writing makes the writer conscious. With every step of the description you have to discard a myth—and the friends who make their livings on that myth. At every step there is the choice between this fascinating material—the life of your neighbor—and the official fictions; the choice between the work and the friends. Going this road, the writer in the European culture can have neither friends nor family. Or rather he must be prepared to discard them at any moment. There should be no one to say: "I can trust him. He won't hurt me." To write about love, you have to deny love. This sounds ascetic; it is. In a society where all values become perverted you can only reestablish them by denying them.

Becoming conscious by this type of work also means becoming political. But not political in the sense of being loyal to any party or any organization. Such a loyalty today in the European culture (I am not talking about other times and other cultures) becomes a loyalty to those apparatuses and those individuals manipulating the apparatuses that keep the myths.

It might be necessary to feign some kind of loyalty to someone (there are prisons for writers in some countries, and effective ways of silencing them in others). But then always with the mental reservation that this is only as protective mimicry. And then always carefully watching every word you let out so that it cannot be used to strengthen the fictional reality. If the pressure becomes too great, as it did some years ago in many European countries, then the writer has nowhere to go. And the pressure that now is growing is not one of police and prisons (those were happy days), but of the fictions of a consumer

(*Continued on page* 43)



"Please don't quibble over fifteen thousand dollars."

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4. Notes on the Lahti Conference

THE PRECEDING three papers at Lahti led to a sharply focused and vigorous debate. The debate grew out of the patent philosophical conflict between Jan Myrdal's paper and my own. While Erih Košs opening statement was concerned more with the problems of craftsmanship than attitudes or philosophy, he felt that doctrines of negation and defeatism were inconsistent with the requirements of creative energy in writers and artists. Hence Košs and I found ourselves arrayed against Myrdal.

Myrdal made it clear he thought I took what was an over-optimistic and over-simplified view of history and man's prospects. He had little confidence in the ability of writers to deal with their own immediate problems of craft and living, let alone address themselves to the historic and global problems I tried to describe in my paper. He felt that people in general never fully understood the extent to which basic conflict dominated their lives. For such conflict was essential and rational. The only thing each man could be certain of was that he would betray his best friend.

I began my reply to Myrdal by saying I didn't see the relevance of his statement that when generals or statesmen met to talk about disarmament or peace, they had no interest in either. Did this mean that no one should talk about disarmament or peace—and mean it? Were the questions of a runaway nuclear arms race and a nuclear war of no consequence? Or, if they were of consequence, how were they to be met and by whom? Someone had to alert people to the dangers of the time. Why should writers be considered ineligible or inappropriate to take a vital part in such issues? The great writers, like the great philosophers, were those who used their art to provide the basic energy for essential change in the human condition. This didn't mean that writers had to give up their novels or plays and become pamphleteers and propagandists. Whether through narrative or exposition or essay, writers brought their art to the highest point when they transferred their sensitivities to readers, when they were able to bring about great realizations concerning human uniqueness and possibilities for human perfectibility.

I readily confessed I had been brought up in the philosophy and poetry of men like Milton, Mill, Paine, Franklin, Whitman, James, Holmes, and Peirce. I acknowledged my debt to the Physiocrats, especially to their ideas about the natural rights of man. It was inevitable, therefore, that my philosophical biases would be showing, especially as they concerned the possibilities for meeting problems which, however difficult, could not be accepted as insoluble.

As for Myrdal's statement that life begins in nothing, that it is short, and ends in nothing, this was a matter of personal conviction. I had no disposition to argue with him on such matters. But it was certainly legitimate to contest the implication that life, short though it may be, is lacking in promise and in good. The ability of man to invest time with meaning is an element of human uniqueness that has served as one of the key themes in literature. In any case, I said, I feared there was a strain of cynicism and even nihilism in Myrdal's analysis of the human situation.

Myrdal's rejoinder was that I had misinterpreted his position. He observed that this was not the first time he had difficulty with an editor's failure to comprehend what he was trying to say. He did not regard himself as a nihilist or cynic. Realist would be a better term. The writer's responsibility was to see life as it is. Myrdal said he saw little scope for effective action or progress by writers or laymen in the areas I had mentioned. Basic conflict in human affairs was a fact of life that should not be underestimated. The only way to deal with it was by understanding its complexity and its resistance to easy answers. He felt, indeed, that Americans were apt to see things, especially outside their own country, in something of a glow. The rest of the world understood this propensity and indulged it. For example, Swedish bus-drivers were instructed to be Pollyannas in answering questions of visiting Americans. Everyone knew that Americans wanted to hear fairy tales. But he himself saw the need to be candid; he would describe matters in their true light. Finally, he could not accept the possibility of world citizenship, when he knew how difficult it was even for Swedes to understand one another.

I said I welcomed Jan Myrdal's disclaimer about nihilism and cynicism, for this might serve to narrow the gap between us. And I wished to apologize if he felt I had misconstrued or misrepresented his position. And I certainly had no intention of minimizing the complexity of serious problems or the difficulty of meeting them. At the same time, I felt we had to avoid a situation in which recognition of complexity would be regarded as an end in itself. The problem was not just to chart or comprehend the differences among men but to devise ways of controlling the volatility of these differences. It was possible, I said, that world law, of which world citizenship was a tangible expression, was an inadequate answer to this problem. Hence, I was certain that the conference would welcome Myrdal's own ideas and suggestions concerning ways of dealing with the complex and overriding problems under discussion.

Jan Myrdal reiterated that he knew of no better way of dealing with complex issues than by realistic acceptance of their true nature.

THE general discussion that accompanied this exchange focused on the following questions: How much actual control did man have over his society and even his destiny? Were some problems "soluble" only through violence? Which was more "natural"—a condition of anarchy or a condition of law in the world—as the means of dealing with fundamental issues? Was it necessary for the individual who supported the concept of world citizenship to surrender or minimize his national citizenship? Or was world citizenship the most effective means by which national states could be safeguarded?

One of the most heartening aspects of the discussion was the variety of viewpoints expressed by the delegates from the Central European nations, and, indeed, by the delegates from the Soviet Union itself. This was the first international conference I had attended in which the Russians did not feel it essential to appear before the meeting with a group or unified position. Despite the fact that Jan Myrdal's main argument concerning the inevitability and essentiality of conflict was not incompatible with the fundamental Marxist thesis, one of the Russians recognized the need to believe in the possibility of peaceful solutions and to work for them. —N.C.

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Sharing the Seas' Riches

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is chairman of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, a research affiliate of the United Nations Association of the U.S.A.*

"UNDER NO circumstances, we believe, must we ever allow the prospects of rich harvest and mineral wealth to create a new form of colonial competition among the maritime nations. We must be careful to avoid a race to grab and to hold the lands under the high seas. We must ensure that the deep seas and the ocean bottoms are, and remain, the legacy of all human beings."

These words, uttered by President Johnson on July 13, may be among the most historic of his administration. At stake is five-sevenths of the earth's surface, a vast, unknown area that suddenly could become the prize of a great power struggle.

The voices of power are already being raised. A Soviet scientist said recently: "The nation that first learns to live under the seas will control them and the nation that controls the seas will control the world." And a distinguished American oceanographer said: "The capability of occupying a piece of the deep-sea bed would . . . make the placement of colonies on Antarctica, or even on the moon, pale by comparison."

There comes a moment in history when there is an overwhelming desire or need to penetrate a new frontier. For centuries, man worshipped or feared the celestial bodies. Suddenly, he decided that he must explore them. President Kennedy's proposals adopted by the United Nations General Assembly in 1961 prevented a power struggle to annex celestial bodies; it saved the world from the danger of armed outer-space navies.

FOR thousands of years, the sea has been a means of communication and warfare, but man has known very little about its depths. Suddenly, there is an overwhelming desire and need to conquer the sea. A considerable part of the world's population is hungry. But within thirty-five years this population will have doubled to 7 billion. It must turn to the vast protein resources of the sea to supplement its food production. As the President points out, so far man has been a hunter for these resources. Now he must be a farmer, preserving and developing them through world cooperation.

Although most of the seas' mineral resources are being explored on the Continental Shelf, untold riches are to be found beyond. As *The New York Times* states, more than 600 companies now are involved in one way or another in probing for the earth's riches.

It was significant that the President made the speech quoted here shortly after he signed the bill entitled, "The Marine Resources and the Engineering Development Act of 1966." This act establishes two bodies: a National Cabinet Council on Marine Resources under the chairmanship of the Vice President, and a national commission to be composed of fifteen citizens drawn from government, industry, and the academic and technical world. These bodies are to recommend an overall plan for an adequate national oceanographic program. So urgent is the need that the commission is charged with producing its report within eighteen months, and the President has asked the Cabinet Council to make preliminary recommendations before the next session of Congress. The President's speech should go far in determining the approach and the philosophy of these two bodies.

THE world will not permit a political vacuum. If the resources of the sea are the common property of mankind, machinery must be set up for their orderly exploitation for the benefit of mankind. The President's Scientific Advisory Committee reported that "a cooperative international effort to develop marine resources for the benefit of all humanity seems both logical and appealing."

Here is the challenge to the United Nations. It is essential that it proceed immediately to develop the institutional means for such a program to benefit all humanity. The article, "The Promise of the Seas' Bounty" [*SR*, June 18], urged the establishment of a U.N. specialized agency giving adequate representation to nations with the greatest capability and interests. It proposed that from this program the United Nations have a source of income to be used for a vastly expanded program for the underdeveloped countries.

Developing the resources of the frontier of the sea must not be accompanied by a military race to arm the sea. Daily, there is wide speculation as to the possibility of the two great powers' burying missiles in the sea bed. The nations have agreed by General Assembly resolution and now by treaty that they would not place atomic weapons on space ships. Some similar agreement is needed to prevent a fantastic and costly arms race in the deep sea.

While the Cabinet Committee is forming our nation's program, the United Nations should be formulating the world program. Indeed, the next General Assembly might well announce a set of principles along the line of President Johnson's speech and establish a commission to develop a program for the implementation of these principles.

If President Johnson would make this challenge to the next General Assembly, he would assure that this last earth frontier, the sea—five-sevenths of the earth's surface—would remain the legacy of all human beings.

—CLARK M. EICHELBERGER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Assessing the Computer

WITH A GREAT DEAL of enthusiasm I have just finished devouring your issue of July 23 devoted to "The New Computerized Age." I definitely concur with the generally optimistic tone of your articles.

However, there is one point that I believe you omitted. The computer has become undoubtedly a status symbol. Witness its use at Stanford University to interpret diplomatic notes. . . . In business so many computers have been installed that, in many cases, the businesses have had to invent problems for their computers to solve.

DON J. DEVORETZ.
Madison, Wisc.

THIS WEEK duplicate copies of the issue of *SR* featuring "The New Computerized Age" arrived in the same mail. It's worth a thousand words.

ARTHUR P. STOLIAR.
New York, N.Y.

WHEN I READ N.C.'s wonderful editorial, "The Computer and the Poet," one person came immediately to mind—Ray Bradbury. Few sensitive readers will deny the fact that Bradbury is every bit as much a prose poet as Thomas Wolfe. N.C. asks for a poet relating to the amorality of machines. The author of *Fahrenheit 451* and *The Martian Chronicles* is just this.

J. GEOFFREY JONES.
White Creek, N.Y.

N.C.'s EDITORIAL, "The Computer and the Poet," is itself a poem. Writing about the merit of poetry, Voltaire put it this way: ". . . it says more, and in fewer words, than prose." After reading the editorial several times, I also recalled a long-forgotten observation from Plato: "Poetry comes nearer to truth than history."

EDWARD H. DARE.
Glenbrook, Conn.

THE ARTICLE by Vernon F. Miller predicting that the "combination of mass media with the potential of computerized response" would bring about a rebirth of the town meeting displays a remarkable degree of disregard for the deliberative processes. Mr. Miller apparently believes that considered, judicious opinion can be . . . elicited in an appropriately Pavlovian situation. . . .

Isn't it possible that the decline in all kinds of "opposition" opinion is the result of a too-thorough mixing of the sort he suggests? Mass media have already exposed very many varieties of thought to vast audiences, but the result in most instances does not seem to be a great flourishing of debate.

JANE PHILLIPS PACKARD.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

THE FOOTNOTE to John Diebold's article, "The New World Coming," credits Mr. Diebold with coining the term, "automation." But L. Landon Goodman, in his book, *Man and Automation,* says that the word "automation" was first used in 1936 by D. S. Harder, vice president of manufacturing of Ford Motor Company. He created the term when he worked with GM and defined it then as "the automatic handling of parts between progressive production processes."

R. S. FETTERS.
Washington, D.C.

"Miss Frenston, send in a deal. I feel like wheelin'."

An M.P. Remembers Adlai

I WAS delighted to read Elmo Roper's article about Adlai Stevenson in your July 9 issue and I am sure it is worthwhile reminding the world that idealists are amongst the most practical of men.

MARTIN MADDAN, M.P.
London, England.

Our Endangered Landmarks

I WAS PLEASED to read Alfred Balk's editorial, "Our Embattled Landmarks" [*SR*, June 25]. Here in Illinois, we have formed an Executive Mansion Commission to make proposals necessary to remodel and rehabilitate the Governor's Mansion, the fifth oldest in the nation and the oldest by far in the Midwest. The members of the Commission are unanimously of the opinion that in our rush into the future we must not lose the links we have with the past.

PAUL F. ELWARD,
House Majority Whip,
Illinois General Assembly.
Springfield, Ill.

Between Laughter and Tears

I WAS especially interested in Professor Feibleman's thoughts on comedy as quoted by John Fuller in TRADE WINDS [*SR*, July 16]. While Mr. Feibleman's assertion that every comedian is a philosopher may be true, I do not think it goes far enough in explaining humor. In my opinion, the fundamental cause of both comedy and tragedy is a broken pattern. The difference between the two is the duration of the break.

To use one of Professor Feibleman's own examples, when a man on a stage slips on a banana peel we laugh because we know that the break in his pattern is of short duration. However, should the audience suddenly realize that the clown has broken his leg, the situation would lose its humor and become tragic. The audience would react to its knowledge that the break in the clown's pattern is to be of longer duration.

GUSTAV ZELLER, III.
Boston, Mass.

Those Reasonable British

MAURICE ZOLOTOW'S criticism of British driving habits [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, July 23] is based on a series of misapprehensions. It is a well-known and scientifically attested fact that driving habits are an index of national character. It is, therefore, impossible that the British should be wild drivers. Mr. Zolotow should try driving in Italy, land of volatility, where the real maniacs reside.

GEORGE E. WELLWARTH.
University Park, Penn.

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The Pilgrim's Progress

By KENNETH REXROTH

ONE OF THE precious possessions of my middle childhood was *The Pilgrim's Progress*. I very early wrote an imitation of it. Perhaps even that early it was confused in my mind with the Oz books, the I.W.W. Manifesto, the life of a family friend named Debs, and H. G. Wells's *Research Magnificent*. As it had been for millions before me, it was a character-building book. I read it to my daughters when they were about eight years old, and I had not opened it since.

But when I picked up my gold-stamped, gold-edged, embossed, Victorian copy with the gracious illustrations by Thomas Dalziel I was amazed at the limpid beauty of Bunyan's style. Few things in the language compare with its modestly exerted power—Isaac Walton's *Compleat Angler*, Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, a few passages in *The Book of Common Prayer*, Gilbert White's *The Natural History of Selbourne*. In the nineteenth century this quality passed from the art of literature to the literature of science and reaches its culmination in the crystalline, utterly unself-conscious prose of the physicist Clark Maxwell. It is the reflection of greatness of soul.

Of a book like Apuleius's *The Golden Ass* we debate, "Is this story of a life of adventure an allegory?" Bunyan wrote an allegory that is a true story of the adventure of life. His characters, personifications of virtues and vice, are living beings because he himself never thought of himself as living anywhere but in a vast moral allegory. All men to him wore names like PraiseGod Barebones and Madefree Bytruth Odhner—and so, in fact, they are.

To Bunyan, life is infinitely more complex than Ben Jonson's Theater of Humours with characters like the Sanguine Man, the Choleric Man, the Melancholic Man, and so on. Nonetheless, we live and move and have our being in an ever shifting dynamic field of moral forces. We are all Christian, staggering under the burden of our own consequences; freed, if we are freed, by sacrifice; marching steadfastly through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Dark Night of the Soul, if we do get through it; looking back upon life from the Delectable Mountain, which overlooks, in the other direction, the river in which all consequence is washed away.

Bunyan had an extraordinary gift, like second sight, to see abstractions as beings moving. He saw the situations of the soul as landscapes, palaces, dungeons, and cities, all perfectly concrete, rising about him and his own path through life. The descriptive passages in *The Pilgrim's Progress* have often been said to refer to the English countryside or even to the environs of his native Bedfordshire. Read with care, they turn out to be almost without exception biblical.

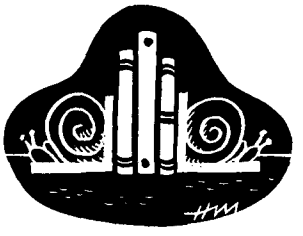
Like so many entranced soldiers of Cromwell, Bunyan did not live in England's green and pleasant land but marched a lifetime through the deserts of Sinai, and the Holy Land of Israel, to Jerusalem.

BUNYAN'S vision of life is the same as St. Augustine's. Bunyan was, as it were, the Bishop of Hippo reincarnated in an English village, shorn of cope and mitre, pomp and circumstance, and the splendors of the rhetoric of the Latin decadence. I was moved to reread some of Augustine, not *The City of God* and *The Confessions* but the sermons on the Psalms, the commentary on Job, and his controversies with men of his day who believed that grace could be merited and man could be saved by good works. It is difficult to believe that Bunyan did not write *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the works of Augustine at his elbow. Of course, he had scarcely so much as heard of him.

Here lies the fault of Bunyan's great book. All these sharply realized characters whom Christian meets in the way of life are devoid of outgoing ethical activism and of the love of man that finds expression in dedication to simple good. Among hundreds of personifications, more real in seeming than are most persons of realistic fiction, no girl named Charity plays a significant role. Bunyan, like Augustine, says only few of many, even of those who are called, are saved; and never by the merit of acts of love.

Shorn of theology and supernatural sanction, this view of life is still arguable, but it is remote indeed to our age, which, if it believes in salvation of any sort, believes that it comes through the assumption of unlimited liability, person for person. When Christian has won through he spends his time in the land of spiritual peace—the Delectable Mountain, the Enchanted Ground, the Country of Beulah—arguing theology with his companion Hopeful, an indication of what Bunyan thought was the best way to spend your time when salvation was in sight. This unfortunate pre-climax spoils the book for many modern people. It seems a cold, hard view of life, which has produced many great generals and despots but few saints. It makes so little allowance for the frailty of humankind that it is itself more frail than the average philosophy of the average man.

THE final passages, the passing of the River of Death, the entrance into the Celestial City, have a simple grandeur, a kind of proletarian glory of a sort not to be found elsewhere. Then, too, the progress of Christian is only one story. The second book is concerned with the spiritual journey of the wife and children he had deserted for heaven. It lacks the dramatic immediacy and impetuous delivery of Christian's story; it is not as great a work of art, but it is altogether more gentle and humane and somewhat more wise. Christiana's constant companion is Mercy, the one attribute of God in the theology of St. Augustine that is not unlimited. So, too,



in Bunyan's book she accompanies, observes, and weeps, but she seldom acts, and once only decisively, when she rejects Brisk's offer of marriage.

Charity plays no effective role in the story as a personification, but charity is an effective virtue in the soul of Christiana. As she goes through the Valley of the Shadow of Death accompanied by a strong protector, Mercy, and her children, she says, "Poor Christian, he went this way alone and at night." And she says it of a husband who had deserted her at the call of Scripture. Christian was unhappy in the Valley of Humiliation. For Christiana it was beautiful with lilies.

For a world that mostly believes none of the doctrines on which Bunyan staked his soul, his little book is still a vision of life. It isn't all of life, but it is a great deal of it, and they who can see even that much are lucky. For all of its exteriority it is the plot of the interior life, a dramatic incarnation into what seems like a bustling realism, of the hidden story of the way of perfection; the dark night of the soul; the cloud of unknowing of the great mystics.

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Three Poems by Robert Penn Warren

Dream of a Dream the Small Boy Had

ALL night the small boy kept climbing the tree.
Sleep was the tree. The darkness roared like wind.
Oh, didn't you know that the wind is round, like a ball?
It goes round and round, like going somewhere, but is here.
It goes away and away, but is here, and you hear it.
So I said, *Oh, wind, go away,* and it did, in the dark.

But I didn't know where the wind went, which was bad,
For I was bright-colored like leaves in the blow-away time,
And wind blew me away, I didn't know where, where I was,
And maybe I wasn't, for the colors were gone,
And I dream of the tree in the dark, and no wind,
And the silence swells up to the stars, and the stars
Gasp like fish in a basket, and there is no light, and my bones,
They hang in the tree, shaped like me, and they burn.
Like fireflies or witchwood or foxfire, they shine in the dark,
Or like old kitchen matches gone damp and left in the dark.

Wind has blown me away, all but my bright bones,
Which maybe weren't me to begin with, but only my secret,
And it's awful to have your secret on fire in the dark,
Or maybe there wasn't a secret, just the lie the wind told.
Where I am I don't know now, but hear my own heart
Off somewhere singing. Where? If only I had
My geography book I could do my lesson and find
Where the Andes are and my heart a bird singing.
It must be singing in the high, bright snow, or maybe Asia.

It sings in a foreign language, like pig-latin, or joy.

Two Poems about Suddenly and a Rose

1. *Dawn*

SUDDENLY. Is. Now not what was *not,*
But what is. From nothing of *not*
Now all of *is.* All is. Is light, and suddenly
Dawn: and the world, in blaze of *is,*
Burns. Is flame, of time and tense
The bold combustion, and
The flame of *is,* in fury
And ungainsayable updraft of that
Black chimney of what is not,
Roars. Christmas–

Remember, remember!–and into flame
All those gay wrappings the children fling,
then
In hand of *now,* they hold
Presents of *is,* and while
Flame leaps, they, in joy,
Scream/. Oh, children,

To me sing, I see
Forever on the leaf the light. Snow
On the pine-leaf, against the bright blue
Forever of my mind, like breath,
Balances. Light,
Suddenly, on any morning, is, and
somewhere,
In a garden you will never
See, dew, in fracture of light
And lunacy of gleam-glory, glitters on
A petal red as blood, and

The rose dies, laughing.

2. *Intuition*

Suddenly, suddenly, everything
Happens, it seems. For example, it
Rains–or it does not rain–and suddenly
Life takes on a new dimension, and
old pain
Is wisdom–Christ, believe that
And you'll believe anything. But
Everything, some day, is suddenly, and life
Is what you are living, not
What you thought you had lived
All your life, but suddenly
Know you had not–oh, suddenly is what
Mother did not tell, for
How could she when
Suddenly is too sudden to tell, and

The rose dies laughing, suddenly.

Love: Two Vignettes

1. *Mediterranean Beach, Day After Storm*

HOW instant joy, how clang
And whang the sun, how
Whoop the sea, and oh,
Sun, sing, as whiter than
Rage of snow, let sea the spume
Fling.

Let sea, the spume, white, fling,
White on blue wild
With wind, let sun
Sing, while the world
Scuds, clouds boom and belly,
Creak like sails, whiter than,
Brighter than,
Spume in sun-song, oho!
The wind is bright.

Wind the heart winds
In constant coil, turning
In the–forever–light.

Give me your hand.

2. *Deciduous Spring*

Now, now, the world
All gabblesjoy like geese, for
An idiot glory the sky
Bangs. Look!
All leaves are new, are
Now, are
Bangles dangling and
Spangling, in sudden air
Wangling, then
Hanging quiet, bright.

The world comesback, and again
Is gabbling, and yes,
Remarkably worse, for
The world is a whirl of
Green mirrors gone wild with
Deceit, and the world
Whirls green on a string, then
The leaves go quiet, wink
From their own shade, secretly.

Keep still just a moment, leaves.

There is something I am trying to
remember.

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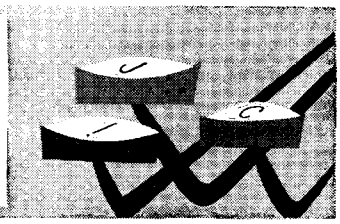
Manner of Speaking



On Purifying the Antiquities or the Greeks Had More Words for It than You Are Going to Hear in Ypsilanti, at Least While Bert Lahr Is on Stage: I note that my friend William Arrowsmith, secretary-translator to an old Greek named Aristophanes, has had to endure multiple excisions of the diction (logodectomies) from his rendering of *The Birds*.

Aristophanes, with an easy Greek candor about bodily functions, and with a gusty rump-thwacking goatishness, used a number of words unknown to Queen Victoria even in translation, and when Arrowsmith did translate them (in a larruping fine Englishment, an early draft of which Arrowsmith read to me and I read back to him one great evening years back in Rome) they turned out to be too colorful for the American stage, or at least for that part of it represented by the Greek Theater of Ypsilanti and by Bert Lahr. Bert Lahr gets into this by playing the starring role in Ypsilanti's presentation of *The Birds*, and he gets into *The New York Times* for June 30 by insisting on cleaning up the Aristophanic simplicities "because," he said, "they were not fit for children."

Lahr's, of course, is the incantation that stops all psychic traffic in America. The spells of the voodoo conjure-man have less power on the dreams of Haiti than a simple "not fit for children" has upon the adrenalin of public righteousness in these high-minded, and partially united, states. I am certain the day will come when sex itself is banished from American mores, exorcised forever by the baleful denunciation that it is "not fit for children."

As far as I am concerned, that will only serve the brats right. Let them fend for themselves. Go get yourselves born without parents, kiddies, and see how you like it.

Nothing but a notable increase in rationality and civility could follow from such an upturn of the human graph. After a few uncertain years there would be no more children for anything to be unfit for, and adults (if, then as now, there are any) would have to stop hiding their own deceits behind their deceitful concern for their deceitful offspring.

Bert Lahr was, of course, sure to win, and Aristophanes-Arrowsmith was sure to be cleaned up and fitted up for children. I am sorry to say, however, that the *Times* did not follow up its own story in usefully informative detail, and that I am thereby left with a central question unanswered. Maybe Bert Lahr can tell me: how many of the children the play was made fit for showed up?

For it still is—isn't it?—the Poopsi Generation we are talking about, its shoulders slumped forward, its backs hunched toward lordosis, its eyes glazed with the blank purity of detergent morality as each lump sits inert, its psyche focused on the tonic sounds of gunfire, of the thud of saps, of the crunching of cartilage, and of the screams of dying squares pushed off water towers, rooftops, and bridges by real cool villains; just before a station-break plug for the Beverly Pug-Uglies.

Confirmed in a practical cynicism, I may have lost perspective, but I have to think I could do better selling pickled pig's feet to Yeshiva than I could scalping Greek theater tickets to the Poopsies.

I am also inclined to think that any Poopsi who does find his way to Aristophanes is sure to know all the words Bert Lahr thinks are unfit, and probably a few more, though on this point I am limited by the fact that I must base my judgment on my own family assortment of (technically) children, and I must admit, in fairness, that mine are typical of nothing, except perhaps of what a Neapolitan street urchin might be were he to acquire a private income named Daddy.

THERE remain to be considered, perhaps, those few Poopsies who are hauled off to Aristophanes by a culturally demented mother or by an equally insistent aunt, both of whom probably did time at Smith, where they learned that the Greeks are highly educational. It is easy for them to believe, therefore, that Peter and Pam Poopsi will have their IQ's raised by the act of being dragged to genuine Greek Theater in a town named for a genuine Greek general.

But on these, certainly, Bert Lahr will be wasting all his anxious purities. These are the dragooned, Mr. Lahr. Pete is missing the telecast of the double-header teen-age riot at the Motorcycle á Gun Gun. Pam is missing the Grimace á Go Go show, the Watusi á Wag Wag, and the Frug Festival. They have had to put on their squarest clothes. And they have been remorselessly informed that the experience will do them good, and that they should be grateful. They will arrive Shanghai'd and mutinous, and they will not only be muttering words Bert Lahr never found in Aristophanes-Arrowsmith, but will be working up vocabularies they could peddle to a Marine whose liberty has just been canceled.

No, Mr. Lahr, it won't work. If your psyche feels uneasy about the vocabulary of the Aristophanic gusto, that, of course, is understandable: we have all suffered traumatic childhoods. But that remains a problem every man must discuss with his parents and his own psyche. It just won't do to fob it off on the Poopsies.

What we probably need, let me suggest—though probably only after psychoanalysis in depth—is to find out why we are so uneasy about the root words of our bodily functions.

For in practical fact none of us is ever going to get to the Greek theater until we lose that uneasiness. The Greeks, so to speak, were emotional nudists, though they might reasonably have objected to being called nudists on the grounds that they were simple naked-ists. The point about getting naked in the Greek spirit is that once you have taken your clothes off, there is nothing to hide. Not even from one's fitful children.

YOU don't know me, Mr. Lahr, and I can't reasonably ask you to take my word for the essential Greek of it. But you do know Arrowsmith, and I know he will bear me out. If you really want to know something about Greek theater, ask him. And if you don't want to know about it, what are you doing in it?

Or is it just a Ypsilanti version of Greek theater you are after? Or has it, perhaps, occurred to you that it would be bad for your possible future on the family screen if word got around that you had uttered a few Greek equivalents on the stage of a Ypsilanti equivalent of Greek theater? That would be merely a self-seeking, and therefore an understandable motive.

But stop hiding behind those so-called children. Forced to a choice between the purity of Greek theater and the depravity of my own, or any man's young, I have to vote for the salvation of the Greek way and the damnation of the Poopsies. I already know on which side of the colloquial slice my breed is uttered. You go ahead and clean up what is already pure in heart, sir, but you won't be selling me any tickets for my brats. Before I take them to anybody's Greek theater I mean to insist that it be Greek. I know you mean well—or I am willing to pretend I believe so—but I insist on believing that Aristophanes meant better. I hope it won't seem an unfriendly thing to say, but I think I prefer his sensibilities to yours, if only because there may just be a bit of sentimental arrogance in the assumption that your excisions are more civilized than his inclusions. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Books

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Indian Summer," by John Knowles

24 Letters to the Book Review Editor

25 One Thing and Another, by John K. Hutchens

26 "The Negro American," edited by Talcott Parsons and Kenneth B. Clark; "Anyplace But Here," by Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy

28 "Trujillo: The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator," by Robert D. Crassweller

29 "The Mafia and Politics," by Michele Pantaleone

30 "The Lie," by Alberto Moravia

34 "The Stranger in the Snow," by Lester Goran

35 "Evil and the God of Love," by John Hick

36 "The Step to Man," by John Rader Platt

37 Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Blandishments of Wealth

JOHN KNOWLES's first book, *A Separate Peace* (*SR*, March 5, 1960), was a quiet, perceptive novel about boys in a preparatory school at the time of World War II. Remembering the book pleasantly, I have followed Knowles's career with interest and, I am sorry to have to say, disappointment. His second novel, *Morning in Antibes*, attempted to deal simultaneously with two themes, the gaudy life of the Riviera and the Algerian struggle for independence; and it seemed to me that it did both, but especially the latter, less than justice. Then, after a travel book, *Double Vision*, which I didn't read, I began to hear about Knowles's third novel, *Indian Summer* (Random House, $4.95). Again I was hopeful, and again I have been let down.

Indian Summer is a selection of the Literary Guild, and in the Guild's bulletin for August, Knowles says that the book "came about through the collision in my mind of two things: a strange little town I knew in Connecticut, and the friendships I have formed with people who later turned out to be very rich." This, however, was not the whole story: "But in essence what I tried for in *Indian Summer* was neither a novel of place nor a novel about great wealth. I wished instead to express the plight, and the wide dreams, of a certain kind of young American, one who has had to come *down* in the world."

It is with the young American, Cleet Kinsolving, that the novel begins—on the day in 1946 on which he was discharged from the Army Air Force. Although he didn't know exactly what he wanted to do, he was full of optimism: "he . . . confidently expected to find a place where he himself could roll out his life full force." To begin with, however, he is content to take a humble job in Kansas with a man who sprays farmers' fields from the air.

Not much of a mixer, Cleet has had one close boyhood friend, Neil Reardon, heir to a large fortune, and that is how the rich come into the story. Neil, who has come out of the service with political ambitions, lectures at a nearby college and Cleet goes to see him. Immediately Cleet is seized upon by the Reardons, and the next thing he knows he is back in Wetherford, Connecticut.

Knowles does fairly well with Wetherford. The town, he says in the Guild bulletin, "is off the beaten track a little, lying inland from the great urban sprawl which is embracing the whole Eastern seaboard." Although it still looks like an old New England town, most of the old families have vanished, and their houses are inhabited by newcomers. It is the kind of town that can help a *nouveau riche* family such as the Reardons to believe that it has roots. We can see the town clearly enough and even make a guess at the identity of the place Knowles has in mind.

At first he seems to be doing rather well with the Reardons, too. He describes their huge house, High Farms, with its haphazard enlargements and incongruous adornments and innumerable servants. But the more he tells us about the Reardons, the less we understand them. In the end about all he has to report concerning the rich is that, as Hemingway said to Fitzgerald a long time ago, they have more money than the rest of us. It does seem to me that the Reardons aren't very bright, but that is true of a lot of people who aren't rich.

In any case the only Reardon who particularly concerns us is Neil, who is somewhat more comprehensible than his parents. He has recently married a girl of proletarian tastes, as he puts it, and at the moment he is satisfied with her because she is pregnant and is, he is sure, about to bear him a son. The girl, Georgia, is somewhat interesting, and so are her parents, who appear in the latter part of the story. But I find it hard to believe that Neil would have married such a girl as Georgia. In fact, Neil puzzles me in many ways. For the sake of his political career he advocates a welfare state, but, it seems clear to Cleet at any rate, he doesn't believe what he is saying and writing. The idea of a millionaire demagogue might have been worth developing, but Knowles does little with it.

What Knowles does work at is the relationship between Neil and Cleet, which is a little like the relationship between Gene and Finney in *A Separate Peace*. Through their boyhood Neil "had no friends except his peculiar, unlettered, shrewd, erratic, dreaming, lifelong pal, Cleet." Like Finney, Cleet is a spontaneous person, a true individual, and that is why Neil looks up to him but at the same time has to try to dominate him.

I can understand after a fashion what Neil sees in Cleet, but I cannot understand why Cleet is attracted to Neil. In fact, Cleet is a mystery whatever way I look at him. In the passage I have quoted, Knowles speaks of Cleet as "one who has had to come down in the world." But coming down doesn't seem to me the point at all. Cleet is simply an old-fashioned rugged individualist who finds himself out of place in the modern world. Looking down at the river, once the starting point of great seafaring adventures, he thinks: "In those days a man who would take a dare and had the strength and fast reflexes and inner

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force would carve out a life to fit himself at sea or on the frontier or in a battle; in those days, Cleet thought quietly to himself beside the little recreational Cove of 1946: Well, that's when I ought to have lived, back then." Much is made of the fact that his grandmother was a full-blooded Indian, and near the end Georgia thinks that he is "that aboriginal Indian, bound and affronted."

Much is also made of another trait that may or may not be part of Cleet's Indian heritage: "When it came to understanding people he had a peculiar kind of talent." Something of the sort is said three or four times, and I suppose Knowles believes it's true; whereas the story seems to me to demonstrate that all along Cleet has been mistaken in his judgments of the Reardons, especially Neil.

I assume that *Indian Summer* is intended to be light fiction—vacation reading, so-called—but I found it heavy going. Having just read two novels that in different ways make tremendous demands on the reader—John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy,* which I reviewed last week, and Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer,* which is being published in a month or so—I may have less patience than usual with books such as Knowles's. Both Barth and Malamud have made imaginative efforts of the highest order, and if they ask a lot from the reader, they give a lot. *Indian Summer,* on the other hand, seems something that Knowles just tossed off—and might better have tossed away. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1201

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1201 will be found in the next issue.

EVWI JXQ PEMQ MOAAQZ PEM-

JRWC CXEOWZ RJJQPKJ JE BQQK

OK GSJX LOMMQVJ WSJQMR-

JOMQ.

—AQEMAQ RZQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1200

In baiting a mouse trap with cheese, always leave room for the mouse.

—H. H. MUNRO

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Freethinking Founding Fathers

MR. J. B. DIXON, [Letters to the Book Review Editor, *SR,* July 23] expresses sadness that in "our times" a "great number of people calling themselves Christians . . . are ignorant of the real meaning of the term."

Mr. Dixon's letter remarkably calls to mind words written a century and a half ago by Thomas Jefferson: "I am a Christian, in the only sense in which he [Jesus] wished anyone to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines, in preference to all others; ascribing to himself [Jesus] every *human* [Jefferson's emphasis] excellence; and believing he never claimed any other." Also, regarding St. Paul: "Of this band of dupes and impostors, Paul was the great Coryphaeus, the first great corruptor of the doctrine of Jesus." Jefferson was a deist, and believed in "Nature's God."

Among Jefferson's fellow freethinkers who could not accept the doctrine of a "risen Christ" were Madison, Adams, Monroe, Franklin, Gouverneur Morris, Paine, and Washington.

JACK L. MOORE.

Decatur, Ga.

Liberal Temper

PAUL BRINDEL [Letters to the Book Review Editor, *SR,* July 9] refutes Michael Novak's statement that Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles is "reactionary" by claiming that His Eminence has "built more new schools and churches than any (*sic*) prelate in the world . . ." Since when has construction of schools and churches been proof of a liberal temper in theology?

ALBERT R. BRAUNMULLER.

Stanford, Calif.

Might and Fright

DAVID DODGE HAS A LOOK at the American view of the Orient in his review of Hans Koningsberger's *Love and Hate in China* [*SR,* July 23]. He doubts that we in the West can evaluate the collective emotions of the Orient. Why not consider what the Orient has to say (meaningless generalizations aside)?

Ananda Coomaraswamy wrote *Am I My Brother's Keeper?* He said: ". . . the hardest task you could undertake is to convince the Orient that the civilization of Europe is in any sense a Christian civilization, or that there really are reasonable, just, and tolerable Europeans amongst the 'barbarians' of whom the Orient lives in terror."

The Negro ghettos of North American cities are in open view of the Orient. The racial murders are a way of life in the American South in full view to all the world. Now to implement the Johnson doctrine for Asia, death comes out of the skies. Indo-Chinese cities are made into brothels. Corruption is at the heart of the Asiatic military exercise. Might passes for right.

One can only wonder whether the Indian Coomaraswamy lives in less terror now that Americans have taken the place of the Europeans.

ROBERT V. HALSEY.

Avila Beach, Calif.

Blue Pencil Blues

I WAS AMUSED at Monica Dickens's account [*SR,* July 2] of the copy editor who eliminated all commas from her recent book. . . .

I write suspense novels, and in the beginning I felt that I must be the only living author whose work must be corrected grammatically, even though I had majored in English at college. But later, reading accounts by well-known writers who suffered the same fate, I began to wonder who and what and, above all, *why,* these copy editors. What is their purpose in a publishing firm (to polish up the work of, perhaps, talented people who had never finished the eighth grade?); and are their duties the same for every manuscript being prepared for publication? And, above all, must all writing adhere strictly to the rules set forth in English textbooks?

Example: In one of my books I had a character, pursued by nameless dangers, rush to the home of her fiancé and burst forth in a terrifying stream of words concerning her fear for her life. In this section of dialogue I used only commas to separate the phrases, in order to give urgency to the rush of words. But the copy editor knew that this was not correct punctuation so she (I invariably visualize these editors as bright young girls recently graduated from college) divided it all up neatly into correct little sentences, with periods and semicolons in their proper places, therefore giving the whole thing the appearance of a declamation by a cardboard character who was so careful of her punctuation that even fear of immediate death was not going to make her stray from the goals she had attained in her English classes. . . .

However, the final indignity is to have one's writing itself changed to suit the copy editor's ideas of imagery or whatever. There was an occasion when, trying to find a fresh expression in describing a beat-up house (the copy editor would change this to "beaten-up") and having discarded the first phrase that popped into my mind—"on the verge of collapse"—I finally came upon "a house that looked as if it were too tired even to fall down." This the copy editor dutifully changed to "a house on the verge of collapse." *Must* a literate writer's work be corrected and altered to this extent? . . . Prose has rhythm. But when sentences are arbitrarily changed by someone else, this rhythm is lost and the prose becomes choppy.

DANA LYON.

Gardena, Calif.

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Tales of the Amerinds

IT DOESN'T say much for the cultural curiosity of one who grew up in Indian country (Western Montana), but for a long time, when I thought of the American Indian, the first picture that came to mind was of old Sam Resurrection. The United States Government in its munificence had provided him with a small house, painted pink, on the Flathead Reservation some forty miles north of Missoula, but Sam didn't live in it. His chickens and a couple of pigs did. Sam himself and a mangy dog occupied a tepee in the adjoining yard.

When you drove by on the way north to Flathead Lake and Glacier Park you would see him, an old man in torn blue jeans, gazing off to the south in the direction of the Bitter Root Valley—the beautiful, fertile home from which that same United States Government had fraudulently expelled Sam's ancestors long before.

I am sorry to say that we used to smile condescendingly at old Sam and his pink house, his tepee, and his mangy dog, nor were we much more understanding when sundry Flatheads came down from the Reservation to Missoula for a whirl at life in the great outside world. The whirl usually consisted of lying around in alleys, eating Sterno by the spoonful, and winding up with two days of oblivion in the city jail before they climbed into their rickety wagons, homeward bound.

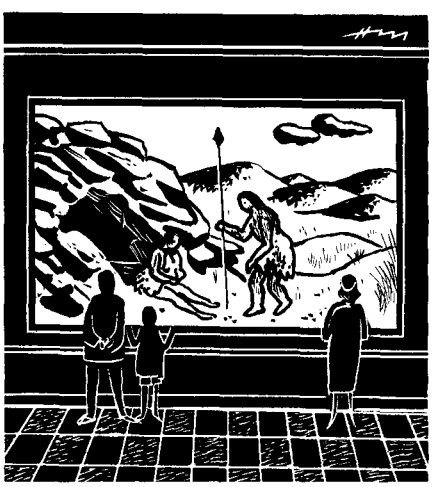
So much for the Noble Red Man, we said, and wasn't it a fact that no Indian should have anything to do with alcohol, even in the immobilizing form of canned heat?

There, in plain view, was a glimpse of the Indian's tragedy. Even then, or so I like to think, we smiled a bit uneasily. To be sure, the Flatheads were not a tribe to inspire a boy's romantic imagination. They weren't daring raiders and horse stealers, like the Blackfeet. They were far from the Little Big Horn when the Sioux and Cheyennes annihilated Custer and five companies of his 7th Cavalry. Placid friends of the white man, the Flatheads even failed to come to the aid of the great Chief Joseph when he and his Nez Percés came into Western Montana in 1877 on their celebrated if unsuccessful march from Oregon toward Canada and freedom. Still, if not romantically aggressive, the Flatheads *had* helped the Lewis and Clark expedition on its westward way to the Pacific in 1805. David Thompson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, meeting them a few years later, thought highly of them. Within living memory that rare figure in Western American history, an honest Indian agent, Major Peter Ronan, had loved them as if they were his children; which, in a sense, they were.

Our smile grew more and more uneasy as time passed, and it faded entirely as we came to realize the calculated practices by which, throughout the nineteenth century, a once proud people was reduced to dependency and often to degradation. Even today, thanks to the workings of Manifest Destiny and the long history of greed, corruption, and treaties broken at will in the Great White Father's shop back in Washington, D.C., the American Indian's plight is a largely unhappy one. Our economy holds few opportunities for him. Our society does not assimilate him.

Well, yes, he has had his friends and sympathizers here and there during the whole sorry saga. At random: Charles M. Russell superbly recorded, in paint, bronze, and line drawings, the lore and life of the Blackfeet; Chief Joseph had no greater admirer than his conqueror, General Nelson A. Miles; sports experts do not hesitate to call Jim Thorpe, of the Sac and Fox tribe, the greatest athlete this country has known; federal Commissioners of Indian Affairs have not always been political hacks.

But these are trivia. All too clearly this minority group of about 600,000 has not engaged the national conscience as other minority groups have done. Quite aside from lack of money, organization, and articulate partisans, I suspect the reasons are fairly simple. For one thing, it isn't in human nature to admit



crimes of the past, including wholesale slaughter and theft from which we all have benefited. For another thing, if we allowed ourselves to go all the way with our troubled conscience over the American Indian we would have to go on back where we came from and leave the country to its original owners. Another Chief Joseph might then be its Chief Executive—which, come to think of it, wouldn't be such a bad idea.

Meanwhile, we can perhaps salve that guilty conscience somewhat by belatedly recognizing and gratefully valuing the American Indian's culture—his religion, so often more humane than that of missionaries who tried to convert him to one or another of their creeds, and above all his art. Great museums contain the indisputable evidence of his instinctive esthetic sense. Books have long testified to his genius for words that cloak his dreams, myths, and tribal history with a beauty that belongs firmly and enduringly in the mainstream of American literature.

Indeed, as you turn the pages of Ella E. Clark's recently published *Indian Legends from the Northern Rockies* (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95), you may find yourself thinking that a case could be made (and doubtless it has been) for the Indian as the first of all American poets, and certainly not the least of them. Miss Clark is not a pioneer in this field. Frank B. Linderman, with his *Indian Why Stories* and *Indian Old-Man Stories*, was among many who preceded her, together with her fellow contributors to the University of Oklahoma Press's The Civilization of the American Indian Series. But Miss Clark is nonetheless to be thanked for the care and patience with which, from 1950 to 1955, she listened to old Indians of our Northwestern States remembering aloud the stories handed down orally from one generation to another. She dug into the archives for still further stories, published and unpublished, recorded by others. The result is a work enchanting for its poetry and curiously absorbing for its history.

It is poetry in no formal sense but poetry nevertheless, in terms of innate rhythms and imagination, telling of a world peopled by animals and spirits and mighty warriors, alive with the drama of life and death, somber and whimsical, full of imagery at once delicate and vivid. Hear an old Flathead telling how the bitterroot (the spelling is variable), both a food and a flower, came to be planted in the valley to which it gave its name:

> It was a time of famine in the land that is now known as the Biterroot Valley. An old woman, the wife of a medicine man, was grieved because her children were hungry. Without

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meat or fish, they were slowly starving to death. . .

"My sons have no food," mourned the old mother. "Soon all of them will die. I will go to a place where I can weep alone and sing the song of death."

So she went to a stream now called the Little Biterroot and sat down beside it. There she bowed low until her face touched the ground and her gray hair spread out upon the earth. Bitter tears fell as she sang the song of death.

The Sun, coming up over the mountains overlooking the valley, heard the death song. He saw the grieving woman and called to her guardian spirit. "Your child sorrows for her starving people," the Sun Father said to the spirit. "You must go to her. Comfort her with food and with beauty out of dead things."

The guardian spirit took the form of a red bird and flew down to the weeping woman. Softly he spoke to her.

"The tears of your sorrow have gone into the soil, and there the roots of a new plant are being formed. The plant will have leaves close to the ground. Its blossom will first have the rose of my wing feathers and then the white of your hair.

"Your people will dig the root of the plant and will eat it. They will find it bitter from your sorrow, but it will be good food for them. They will see the flowers and will say, 'Here is the silver of our mother's hair upon the ground and the rose from the wings of the spirit bird. Our mother's tears of bitterness have given us food.'"

The journals of Lewis and Clark are, of course, among the glories of American history. But now and then, in the pages of Miss Clark's book, you will come upon a historical incident seen from another, or Indian point of view. Thus, in part, a Flathead's account of the first meeting of his tribe with the great explorers whose party included Captain Clark's Negro servant, York:

> One of the strange men was black. He had painted himself in charcoal, my people thought. In those days it was the custom for warriors, when returning home from battle, to prepare themselves before reaching camp. Those who had been brave and fearless, the victorious ones in battle, painted themselves in charcoal. So the black man, they thought, had been the bravest of his party.

And now I am reflecting that just possibly I might have stopped off at Sam Resurrection's place and heard stories like that, if I had been smart enough or interested enough. On the other hand, probably not. Why should he have wasted his time talking to an unmindful kid who smiled as he drove past the pink house and the tepee, the mangy dog and the old man dreaming of other days? —JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

Much Yet to Overcome

The Negro American, *edited by Talcott Parsons and Kenneth B. Clark (Houghton Mifflin. 781 pp. $9.50), and* ***Anyplace But Here,*** *by Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy (Hill & Wang. 384 pp. $5.95), provide a panorama of the black man's exploits and anguish. William Katz's book, "Eyewitness: The Negro in American History," will be published this fall.*

By WILLIAM KATZ

AMERICANS have traditionally ignored racial difficulties until they exploded into Civil War, race riots, lynchings, civil rights demonstrations, assassinations, and urban upheavals. Before the New Deal there was little effort to examine racial relations scientifically, except by Negro scholars. The first complete analysis of America's racial problem did not appear until 1944—the six-year, 1,500-page study *An American Dilemma* prepared under the direction of Swedish sociologist Gunnar Myrdal. A great deal has happened to Americans of both races since Myrdal announced "the central viewpoint of this treatise" is that "the American Negro problem is a problem in the heart of the American." Two American Presidents have proclaimed civil rights a moral issue and, adopting the anthem of the struggle, have stated "We Shall Overcome."

The Negro American, a collection of thirty penetrating essays edited by Talcott Parsons and Kenneth B. Clark, with a foreword from Lyndon B. Johnson, brings many of the informational and analytical aspects of the Myrdal study up to date. Clark explores the role of power relationships in changing racial relations; St. Clair Drake examines the Negro's social and economic status; John Hope Franklin traces the history of American racial relations; Daniel Patrick Moynihan describes the social dynamite inherent in the worsening economic conditions facing a majority of Negro families; Robert Coles and Thomas Pettigrew write of the psychological effects of prejudices; James Q. Wilson charts the Negro's voting power, and Talcott Parsons explores the sociological problems obstructing full Negro citizenship. These and the other contributors offer an informative and fascinating set of essays that together constitute the most complete summary of our

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

TRIPLE-HEADERS

James Killen of Chicago has gathered a fistful of trilogies and lists the author and one title for each. Can you supply the other two titles in each trilogy? If not, see page 34.

1. Aeschylus:	_____	*The Libation Bearers*	_____
2. Tolstoy:	_____	_____	*Youth*
3. Galsworthy:	*The Man of Property*	_____	_____
4. Undset:	_____	_____	*The Cross*
5. H. H. Richardson:	*Australia Felix*	_____	_____
6. Farrell:	*Young Lonigan*	_____	_____
7. Nordhoff & Hall:	_____	*Men Against the Sea*	_____
8. Dos Passos:	_____	_____	*The Big Money*
9. Faulkner:	_____	*The Town*	_____
10. Tolkien:	_____	_____	*The Return of the King*

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racial crisis available today. Before they were put together, more than half of these essays (published originally in *Daedalus*) were circulated among those who planned the recent White House Conference on Civil Rights.

Anyone seeking easy panaceas in *The Negro American* or even cause for optimism are doomed to disappointment. School segregation has increased in the North since the 1954 Supreme Court decision. Housing segregation has increased in the North and South in recent years. Despite all the talk of upgrading Negro education in our large cities, Chicago, for example, in 1962 spent less money per pupil on its integrated schools than it did on its white schools and even less on its all-Negro schools. Moynihan's famous article, "Employment, Income and the Ordeal of the Negro Family," reprinted here, analyzes the frontier of desperation facing two-thirds of the nation's Negroes:

> . . . there would . . . seem to be no question that opportunities for a large mass of Negro workers in the lower ranges of training and education have not been improving, that in many ways the circumstances of these workers relative to the white work force have grown worse. It would appear that this in turn has led to, or been accompanied by, a serious weakening of the Negro social structure, specifically of the Negro family. It could be that this situation has gone on so long that the Negro potential is already impaired; in any event it would hardly seem possible to doubt that if it persists much longer the capacity of the Negro community to make the most of its opportunities will be grievously diminished. Measures that would have worked twenty years ago may not work today, and surely will not work twenty years hence. A crisis of commitment is at hand.

The failure to meet this commitment has already led to bloody rioting from Watts to Harlem as that portion of the nation that is black, as well as ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clad, has taken to the streets to mark their desperation. When a group of 1964 Harlem rioters were asked to return to their homes, they answered, "Baby, we *are* home."

Even where gains have been made, prejudice has created a number of contradictory relationships. Pettigrew's essay on complexity and change in racial relations tells of the McDowell County, West Virginia, coal miners who "followed a traditional pattern of desegregation below the ground and almost complete segregation above the ground." He also tells of the white Chicago steelworkers who shared their work and union experience with Negroes and then fought every effort to integrate their neighborhood. Pettigrew cites the bitter comment of a Harlemite to a Southern Negro: "Baby, down South you're just fighting to get where we are now—and we can tell you that once you get there it's just a solid blank wall."

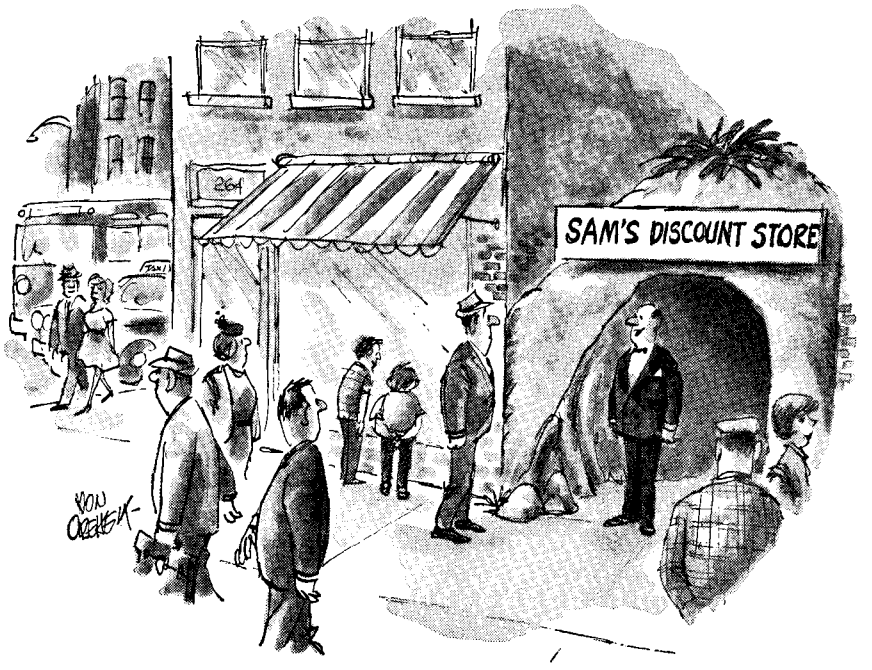
Anyplace But Here is the exciting chronicle of many black men and women who sought to destroy that wall. Authors Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy uncover the story of the Negro explorers, wanderers, and adventurers who blazed new trails across the American continent and of the Negro migrations that followed them. It is clear from their writing that they enjoyed their pioneering labor.

Bontemps and Conroy began to research their topic when they both worked for the Illinois WPA writers' project in Depression-ridden Chicago. Originally published in 1945 as *They Seek a City*, this new version has been carefully revised and updated to include material on the Black Muslims and the latest developments in the black ghettoes of the North. The authors have put their prodigious research (unmatched in many of the fields they cover) into exciting prose that has appeal for readers of whatever level.

They begin their narrative with John Baptiste Point Du Sable, the fur-trapper whose 1779 trading-post on the Chicago river later became the site of the city of Chicago. While Du Sable was never admitted to our history books, the Indians "used to say, with straight-faced merriment, no doubt, that the first white man in Chicago was a Negro." Among the host of unheralded freedom-hunting Negroes presented is the tough, short-tempered Jim Beckwourth, the fugitive slave who became chief of the Crow Indians and discovered the pass in the Sierra Nevadas important to California gold-seekers.

One of the most colorful migrations described is the "Exodus of 1879" led by ex-slave Benjamin "Pap" Singleton. Neither Southern resistance, Northern resentment, nor a Congressional investigation kept this self-styled "Moses" from leading thousands of ragged Negroes out of Southern oppression and into the farmlands of Kansas. Here also is the story of the beautiful Creoles and talented mulattoes of New Orleans whose migration was simply across the color line; the fugitive slaves who traveled by night to reach the free air of Ohio or Pennsylvania; the black peasants from the South who crowded into Detroit, Chicago, and other Northern industrial centers seeking jobs during the First World War. For those who believe that racial bombings were a post-World War II Birmingham phenomenon, Bontemps and Conroy pinpoint one small section of Chicago where "from July 1, 1917 to March 1, 1921, there were fifty-eight bombings of residences occupied by Negroes."

Both *Anyplace But Here* and *The Negro American* provide such valuable insights into our national character that they belong not only in homes and public libraries but in high school and college classrooms as well. With a little imagination a teacher could turn *Anyplace But Here* into a stimulating supplementary text for an American history class or *The Negro American* into a basic reader for a course on problems of American democracy. We owe our future citizens this kind of knowledge.



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Dominican Despot

Trujillo: The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator, *by Robert D. Crassweller (Macmillan. 468 pp. $8.95), portrays the man who wielded absolute power in the Dominican Republic for thirty-one years. Harold Lavine, who covered the Cuban Revolution for Newsweek, is now with Forbes Magazine.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

HE CALLED himself *El Benefactor*; and, while he lived, signs everywhere in the Dominican Republic, even in the brothels, proclaimed: *Trujillo y Dios.* It was characteristic of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina that he should give himself top billing even over God.

He was a man of inordinate vanity, who demanded adulation from those around him so fulsome it would have sickened an Oriental potentate; a pompous little popinjay, who owned 2,000 suits and uniforms, 500 pairs of shoes, who primped and powdered himself and drenched himself with perfume; a lecher, whose appetite for plump young women, in defiance to all human experience, grew more and more insatiable with age.

He was preposterous.

Preposterous? He was as preposterous as Adolf Hitler, the man with the funny mustache. He was unquestionably the most bloodthirsty dictator in modern Latin American history. He ordered men killed as casually as one might order a cup of coffee. Those he thought more valuable alive than dead he turned into zombies. He was a master at destroying men psychologically. That was one way he managed to rule the Dominican Republic for thirty-one years.

There was another way: by what passed for law, he *owned* the Dominican Republic. He had even more right than Louis XIV to say, *L'état, c'est moi.* Until a band of assassins gunned him down, the Dominican Republic was not really a nation. It was a plantation. His.

Strangely, until just before his death, most Americans thought highly of Trujillo. He had the best biographers money could buy, including the late Stanley Walker. He had the most prestigious lobbyists, including Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. He had friends in the State Department, on Capitol Hill, and in the Washington press corps.

—*Pix.*

Trujillo — "a master at destroying men psychologically."

Not everyone who sang his praises did so for money. Like all modern dictators, he was a great showman. He endeared himself to American Jewry by offering sanctuary in the Dominican Republic to 100,000 refugees from Hitlerism, a gesture that meant next to nothing (800 Jews, in all, were able to enter the country, and most of them soon left). He posed as a militant anti-Communist, which made him "*our* SOB." He acquired a reputation as a builder, which he was; but since he owned the country everything he built simply added to his personal wealth. In Ciudad Trujillo (now Santo Domingo), the capital of the Republic, he created the most dazzling Potemkin village since Potemkin himself. To a tourist driving from the airport to either the Embajador or the Jaragua Hotel, Ciudad Trujillo had the appearance of a wealthy Southern California suburb. Almost without exception Americans who visited the city were impressed, especially since, at the hotel, they could without fear drink the water that came from the bathroom sink. The Ciudad Trujillo they saw was all façade; behind it sprawled a slum.

THERE were dissident voices, true. The late Quentin Reynolds wrote a frightening account for *Collier's* of the massacre, at Trujillo's orders, of between 15,000 and 20,000 Haitians who had drifted across the border and squatted there. The kidnapping on Morningside Heights and the killing in the Dominican Republic of Jesus de Galíndez also gave Trujillo unfavorable publicity. Even in the Galíndez affair, however, Trujillo found a friend—none other than Morris Ernst, the lawyer—to absolve him.

At last we have a first-rate biography of Trujillo. Robert D. Crassweller's account of the life and times of the dictator is all the more effective because it's so dispassionate. He never raises his voice. This is what Trujillo did, he says; and then Trujillo did that. Crassweller lets the reader supply his own sense of horror.

Trujillo resorted to all the conventional forms of torture, of course. At Nigua prison, says Crassweller:

> . . . were heard occasionally those sudden wild and terrifying cries in the night, accompanied by imploring voices and weeping, that died out with the sound of fusillades. These were morbid symbols of the dark side of the régime, sometimes genuine, often only ghastly charades summoned to put the fear of God and the government into new arrivals.
>
> There were other scenes memorable in this mosaic of despair: the prisoner who was forced to wash himself in his cell with the dirty water (for fresh water was lacking) already used by a fellow inmate dying of pulmonary tuberculosis; the dying man himself lying, helpless and numb in his bed, his body emitting a fetid odor, mosquitoes by the hundreds feeding on his bare and unfeeling shin . . .

It was in his ability to destroy men psychologically, however, that Trujillo achieved his true genius. His treatment of Jacinto Peynado, the first puppet he put into the presidency, was typical. Trujillo went to work on Peynado even before the inauguration by having a deputy publicly charge the president-elect with attempting to form a political clique around himself. The charge was absurd, but it was echoed in Congress and in the Trujillo-controlled press. When Peynado was properly terrified by the clamor, Trujillo called off his dogs by announcing that he would be president in name only.

Nor was Trujillo content with this "interesting refinement of degradation." The invitations to Peynado's inauguration did not mention that he was being inaugurated. The purpose of the gathering was given as the celebration of the sixty-fifth anniversary of Dominican independence. The principal speaker was, of course, Trujillo, decked out in a new uniform that combined a general's regalia with an admiral's. Peynado finally was permitted to deliver his inaugural address, a paean of praise of Trujillo, "a Knight of the Divine Order of Genius, whose insignias God alone grants." During the address, Trujillo ostentatiously walked out, "pausing at the door to kiss the Dominican flag in a calculated gesture. The audience rose with thunderous cheers, and the waiting band broke into

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martial music, while Peynado, at the speaker's stand, was drowned out."

The U.S. Government finally turned against Trujillo only when he went completely mad and ordered the assassination of President Romulo Betancourt of Venezuela. Understandably, the Organization of American States took a dim view of this action; and, though Trujillo still had powerful friends in Washington, the U.S. was forced to vote with the other members of the OAS for sanctions against the Dominican Republic.

CRASSWELLER is curiously reticent about what happened after that, and this is the one major defect in his book. He writes: "Reports would circulate after Trujillo's death, finding their way into print in the United States and receiving considerable acceptance in the Dominican Republic, that the hand of the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States was behind the undertaking and that the guns used in it were smuggled in by that inscrutable agency. Copious details were cited in these speculations, the generally assumed motive being the desire to rid the Caribbean of Trujillo in order to strike more effectively at Castro in this year of the Bay of Pigs."

That is all Crassweller says, and it's not enough. For there were more than reports and speculations. The correspondents who covered the aftermath of Trujillo's death talked with Americans, prominent Americans, who told of helping the CIA and the State Department smuggle in the arms used by the assassins. General Arturo Espaillat, who specialized in spying on the U.S. for Trujillo, publicly charged Washington with complicity in the killing.

Perhaps the charge is untrue but, under the circumstances, it certainly demands a good deal more exploration than Crassweller gives it. Helping to assassinate the ruler of another country is hardly a matter that should be dismissed in passing, even if the ruler is Trujillo and the country is the Dominican Republic.

Black Hand in Sicily

The Mafia and Politics, *by Michele Pantaleone (Coward-McCann. 255 pp. $5.50), offers a firsthand scrutiny of the "honored society" that has subjugated Sicily. Charles F. Delzell wrote "Mussolini's Enemies: The Italian Anti-Fascist Resistance."*

By CHARLES F. DELZELL

FOR DECADES the activities of the Mafia have aroused public concern not just in Italy but also in the United States, where the Sicilian organization has long maintained connections with the underworld. Readers who wish to learn more about this secrecy-shrouded criminal society now have available an English translation of the most authoritative firsthand study of the Mafia. The author, Michele Pantaleone, is a Sicilian Socialist and journalist who has been the major crusader in exposing the rackets and political intrigues of the *mafiosi* since World War II. His investigations first appeared as articles in various daily and weekly papers in Palermo and Rome. With minor revisions they were later reprinted in book form: *Mafia e politica* (Turin, 1962). Everyone who has written recently on the subject—including Norman Lewis, whose *The Honored Society* first appeared in *The New Yorker*—is much indebted to Pantaleone for his courageous revelations.

The English edition gets off to a fast pace with a brilliant introduction by Carlo Levi, who visited Pantaleone in his home in the small western Sicilian town of Villalba soon after the war. Villalba was also the hometown and fief of Calogero Vizzini (nicknamed Don Calò), who for many years was the leading figure in the Sicilian Mafia. Levi presents an unforgettable picture of the obsequious behavior of the intimidated people in this depopulated village that was, and still is, at least symbolically, a capital—for Villalba was not only the center of the region of feudal estates but the site of the near massacre of anti-Mafia leftists on September 16, 1944, which marked the beginning of the Sicilian peasants' struggle to acquire freedom and land.

Also of interest to English-speaking readers is the preface by Denis Mack Smith, a British specialist in Sicilian history. He pays tribute to Pantaleone as the person who more than anyone else (though Danilo Dolci and others were also influential) focused public attention on the problem of the Mafia and caused the Italian Parliament in December 1962 to appoint a committee to investigate the society and find means of eradicating it. "The Mafia is on the retreat, at least momentarily," Mack Smith declares. "Perhaps it will survive this Commission, just as the American Mafia survived the Kefauver Committee. But it can never be the same now that some people in Sicily can make this kind of protest openly and show up these men for what they are."

In his first essay Pantaleone explains how the decline of the landed nobility as a ruling élite, occurring at a time when the peasants and workers were not yet able to take their place, made possible the tyrannical and exploitative system of stewards that came to be known as the Mafia. Many Sicilians in all good faith looked upon these one-time agents of the absentee landlords as useful instruments for preserving order and conservatism. Pantaleone goes on to clarify the Mafia's concept of *omertà* (secrecy), which has its counterpart in the American gangsters' brutal punishment of stool pigeons, and he includes a glossary of some of the society's argot.

The author reveals that in 1943 certain of the American occupation authorities facilitated the resurgence of the Mafia and its link-up with Lucky Luciano. (During the last half of the Fascist dictatorship the "honored society" had been pretty well suppressed, in the wake of highly amusing encounters between Don Calò and Mussolini's prefects.) Pantaleone also explains that the Mafia reoriented its activities during the 1950s, learning to operate in an economy of relative affluence instead of trying to preserve an economy of scarcity. Of late it has moved into the lucrative field of narcotics smuggling, cleverly making use of wax oranges filled with heroin. But the most important shift of interest has been the Mafia's entry into politics. The society's machinations gained it a firm foothold in the Sicilian Separatist party soon after the war and subsequently in the Christian Democratic party. From the outset the Socialists and Communists were among the Mafia's most outspoken foes, but they now have growing support from other political groups.

As long-term means of loosening the grip of the Mafia, Pantaleone recommends not only parliamentary investigations but the expansion of education and civic-mindedness, land reform, siphoning of surplus labor to the north, development of a more balanced economy, and improvement of the machinery and honesty of Sicily's regional government.

Though it remains a valuable historical document, Pantaleone's detailed indictment of the Mafia would have been made less repetitious if he had synthesized his articles rather than simply republished them in their original form. The only inaccuracy worthy of note is the author's reference to the capture of the gangster Vito Genovese in Italy in August 1944 by "Inspector Dickey of F.B.I." At that time, Dickey was an agent of the U.S. Army's Criminal Investigations Division, as was the reviewer.

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Ailments of the Spirit

The Lie, *by Alberto Moravia, translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 334 pp. $5.95), reshapes in a journal that serves him as conscience the scabrous elements of the narrator's life. A free-lance critic, Emile Capouya is chief editor of Grosset & Dunlap's Universal Library.*

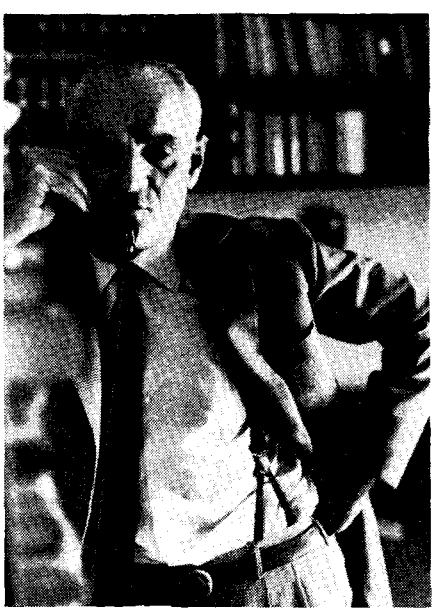
By EMILE CAPOUYA

ALBERTO MORAVIA is a gifted man of letters—a writer of short stories, novels, and essays. In his novels he retreats, along with his times, farther and farther from the possibility of greatness.

Now, no artist worth maligning, and no audience worth baiting, will sit still for the proposition that this age inflicts mediocrity on its writers as inevitably as it contrives political convulsions. Why should artist or audience be willing to see their future foreclosed against the possibility of rapture? But it is true, nevertheless, and will be until men learn to have an easy conscience while doing what they know to be wrong. Our century is particularly hard on consciences, being especially fertile in crimes on the grand scale—everything from deporting whole populations in Russia and Germany to working them to death or asphyxiating them, from starving children by naval blockade in Cuba to setting them afire in Vietnam. With better means of communication available, the strong can oppress the weak more effectively, and we learn about it sooner and in greater detail. Under such conditions, the writers who are worth a damn are moved to say to the powerful what Kent says to Lear: "Whilst I can vent clamor from my throat, I'll tell thee thou dost evil." And plenty of black books have expressed just that sentiment.

Alberto Moravia is a good example of an artist of middling talent cornered by this extraordinarily demanding century. He is a writer we must be very glad to have—unless we look on him from the standpoint of what literature has been in the past and what we hope it may be again. His essays on literature, particularly American and English literature, are most intelligent. Some of his short stories are like Turgenev's for their power of drawing a song out of unhappy, sordid things. In "The Woman from Mexico" Moravia does literally that. A ridiculous little man is wandering through hot city streets, too warmly dressed for the season, half fainting with hebetude and discomfort. He finds a woman, and he goes home with her, not for lust but out of desperation, so that he can peel off his clothes. He is comical and defeated. The woman is Mexican, a flamenco singer. She sits on the bed, her waistless Indian figure as hieratic as an Egyptian sculpture, and she begins to sing a *cante hondo* lament. The little man, the author, and the reader are all transformed. The "occasion for sin" that was really an occasion for futility is rebuked and transformed by the song, for art, like faith, is the evidence of things not seen and most needful.

AS a novelist, Moravia is at once subtle and coarse-grained. He has never gotten over the small boy's sense of shock about sexual matters, and his preoccupation with offensive varieties of sex is one of the grounds for his popular success. Here, too, the impatient reviewer has to remind himself that in a world in which an effective public role is denied to the individual man and woman, only the most intimate aspects of their private lives still appear—misleadingly—to be areas of free choice. Sex necessarily becomes the field for baroque imaginings, in life and in books. So that Moravia is not the only laborer in this dubious vineyard, merely one of the most successful.



—*Marilyn Stafford (Pix).*

Alberto Moravia — "at once subtle and coarse-grained."

He is ingenious as a contriver of surprises that do not seem just willful but appear to make real connections. In his novels, odd juxtapositions and peripeties testify to the strength of what we might call the cubist impulse of the modern mind—the project of ridding time of direction and matter of volition. As a thinker he is not exactly original; no powerful innovating intellect would have troubled to write *The Empty Canvas* when the theme had been treated with such authority by Jean-Paul Sartre in *Nausea*. But to see best the kind of difficulties under which Moravia labors, and that so severely penalize his genuine talent, it may be useful to make an excursion to our own literature.

Powerful Christian sermons occur in two American novels—that of Father Mapple in Melville's *Moby Dick* and that of Gabriel Grimes in James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain*. Father Mapple delivers his sermon in a seamen's chapel. His text is "Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah." And he tells how, being commanded by God to preach against the iniquity of Nineveh, and fearing men more than he feared God, Jonah fled from his duty and took ship to the ends of the earth. But a storm arose upon the waters; the sailors suspected that Jonah was the cause, and they laid hands upon him, and cast him, "not unreluctantly," into the sea. Jonah was swallowed up by the whale. For three days and nights he lay in the fish's belly, and then, chastened and repentant, he called upon the Lord, and the whale vomited him out on the dry land. Father Mapple draws the moral that we must serve God's truth and our conscience rather than human convention, deal always with our ultimate values rather than consult mere convenience, mere expediency. (All this in a book that denies any beneficent moral authority or standard in the world.) And at that point the preacher offers a further reflection. The duty to speak according to conscience is every man's duty, but it presses with special urgency upon a minister of the Gospel, "an anointed pilot-preacher of the living God." He, of all men, must speak truth to the proud gods and commodores of this earth, even if to do so means martyrdom.

In James Baldwin's novel, the Negro preacher, Gabriel Grimes, takes his text from Isaiah: "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." And Gabriel reminds his listeners that the self-accusing prophet had been called the eagle-eyed, because he had looked down the centuries to come and

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had foreseen the birth of Christ. And yet this man had cried, Woe is me. Wherefore?

To explain the prophet's self-reproach, Gabriel recalls the divine plan for man's salvation, and the sacrifice of which no man is worthy, not the most righteous. In words as simple as the theme is grand, Gabriel says:

> Dearly beloved, when God saw how men's hearts waxed evil, how they turned aside, each to his own way, how they married and gave in marriage, how they feasted on ungodly meat and drink, and lusted, and blasphemed, and lifted up their hearts in sinful pride against the Lord—oh, then, the Son of God, the blessed lamb that taketh away the sins of the world, this Son of God, who was the Word made flesh, the fulfillment of the promise—oh, then, he turned to his Father, crying: "Father, prepare me a body and I'll go down and redeem sinful man."

To our surprise, these grim memorials of Christian and Jewish cosmology, bodied forth in antique thunders, come to seem more apposite as each day of this secular age wreaks its new horrors. But, to depart for a moment from our deepest preoccupations, there are two points of a merely literary kind that these inspired passages suggest.

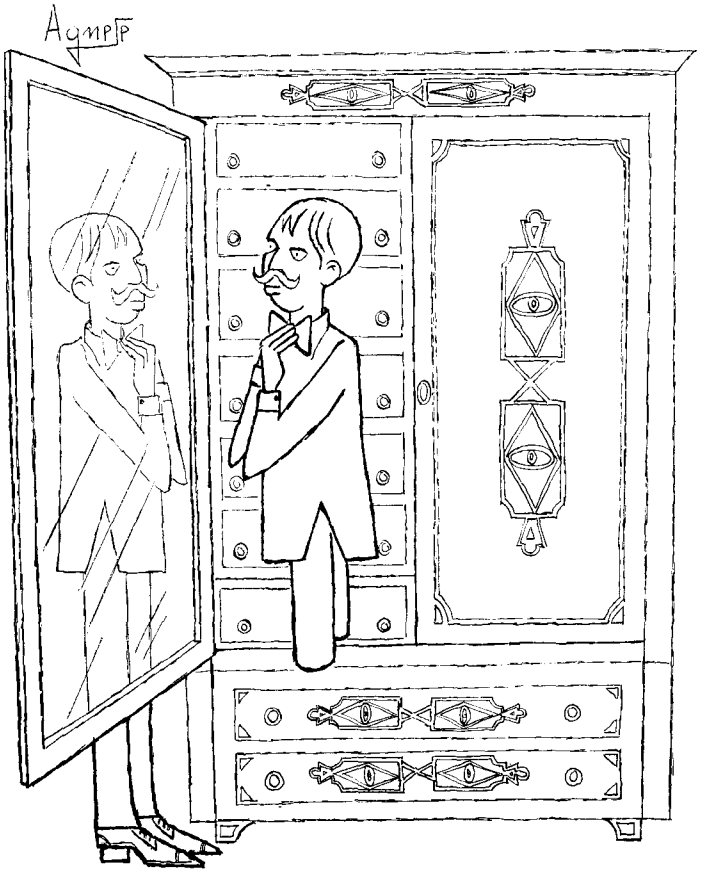
The first is the manner in which—precisely because of the secularization of Western society since the Renaissance—the moral animus and unction, the moral vocation even, have tended to desert the province of organized religion for the province of art. All the fine arts in some measure reflect that new burden, but the literary arts are morality's chosen vessel, since they are by their nature discursive and can name directly the objects of their concern. That is so true that we have seen in our resolutely secular era the progressive sanctification of serious literature. I mean now not the shallow worship of art that has served the undemanding as a substitute for religion, but the assumption by literature of essentially religious functions. Of course, that was generally true of the literature of the ancient world. The novelty is that in our own time, when, in a spiritual sense, the altars have been deserted even by the priests, poetry and the novel have taken on the duty of celebrating, castigating, denying the absent God. The nay-sayers themselves of modern letters—Joyce, Céline, Kafka, Beckett—are so many modern Ezekiels, eating dung in the marketplace to stigmatize their own collusion with the familiar abominations of daily life.

The second literary hint offered us by the strangely parallel sermons of Melville and James Baldwin is the suggestion that, if religious concerns have come to color the arts, so have the artists come more or less consciously to assume the functions of priest and prophet. The sermons of Father Mapple and Gabriel Grimes are each a defense and illustration of the idea of the religious calling, of spiritual election, in books that otherwise explicitly deny the validity of any such consecration. That is, in a world that no longer supports a system of moral meanings, the artist must smuggle in as contraband the values that might sanction and justify his unreasoning need to create. The love that moves the sun and the other stars is also the virtue that makes the poem and the story; at a time when even the Pope believes in the internal combustion engine, the poet must sometimes invoke his own mystical function, beginning with the celebration of love, and going on to establish an order of preferences, a moral order. The sermons in *Moby Dick* and *Go Tell It on the Mountain* are professions of faith in a creed that the authors have consciously discarded but to which they half-consciously adhere. The self-accusatory themes of the preacher-authors bespeak guilty awareness that they are living in a way that sets at nought the artistic and the sacerdotal vocation.

In his new novel, *The Lie*, ably translated by Angus Davidson, Moravia has the narrator speak in the first person, and tell how he wrote the book that we are reading. Years ago he had fallen in love with a woman of the working class who had a daughter from an earlier liaison, and he had married her. Shortly thereafter he had written a novel that recreated the love affair and the marriage; he had been disturbed to discover that everything recounted in the novel seemed false and conventional. He had lost faith in the book, and lost faith retrospectively in the life it reflected. While continuing to live with his wife, he arranged matters so that their relations were like those of a lodger and his landlady rather than like those of a married couple. To make the informal divorce even more complete, he took a post as foreign correspondent for a newspaper, and the next ten years found him abroad a good deal.

The story opens during one of his infrequent homecomings. The narrator enters his home as he would a rented apartment, but something is stirring in him; he is ready for the shock that awaits him. It comes in the form of an anonymous letter, telling him that his wife, who runs a dress shop, is really a procuress. He decides to try to make a new life for his wife and his stepdaughter, a genuine life. He feels responsible for his wife's monstrous avocation. He is going to try to save her from it. At the same time he wants to keep a journal in which the events of his new life will be recorded, and from which he hopes in time to extract a novel, a sincere one, in keeping with his changed outlook.

His stepdaughter is now a student at the university. He discovers that he is in love with her, and he duly enters the fact in his journal. He sets down other things as well—his daughter's confession that her mother had prostituted her when she was fourteen years old, and his own attempts to recreate the event, visit the



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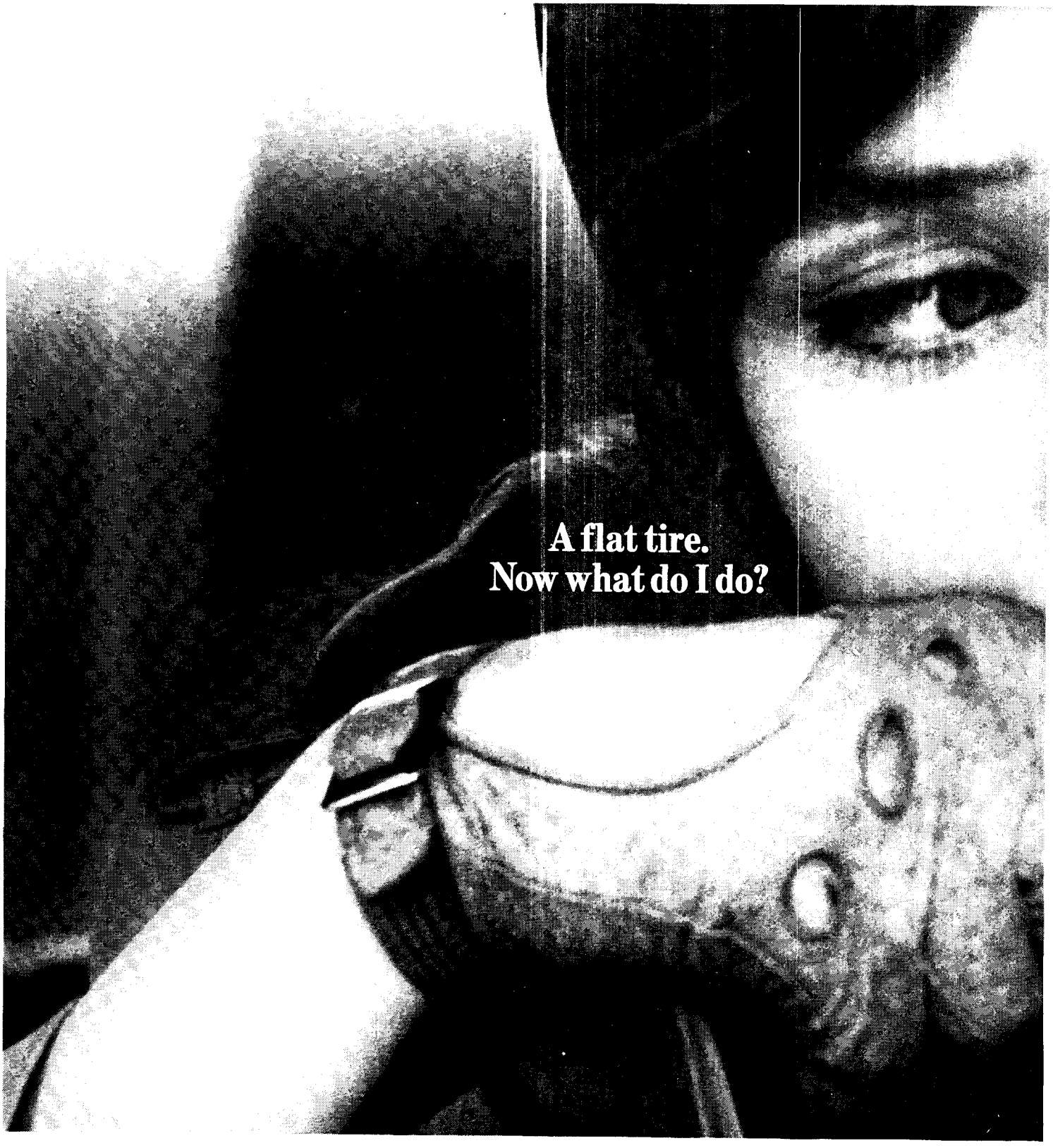

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scene of the horrible incident, etc. He also notes that not everything he has thus far reported is really true. Some things have been altered for the sake of the novel-to-be. Some of those rectifications are denied in their turn, and the narrator announces that his novelistic intention is shaping the events of his life—that is, he cannot permit himself a banal or theatrical action because it would strike a false note in the novel, which has become his conscience. He was conscienceless before. Now art is all the conscience that he has.

The story makes much of the erotic tension between stepfather and stepdaughter, resolved only in dreams, or—who knows?—in portions of the journal that may be true or false, a record of actual happenings or a record of happenings demanded by the novel.

The scabrous elements of the story are most disturbing. The narrator is not merely tempted to commit what amounts to incest, but he incessantly commits casuistry on the subject—and that amounts to a kind of abstract pornography. The twists and turns of plot, the small, dreadful revelations, are sprung upon the reader in a way that suggests that the author is the first victim of his own imagination. The journal's successive avowals and disclaimers are maddening at first. Eventually we are indifferent to them, Moravia has lost us.

What does all this add up to? Art is the only religion we have, but its priests have lost faith in the efficacy of their dubious sacraments. Nevertheless the novelist of the story tries to live under the aspect of esthetics, that is to say, tries to give his life moral contours, form. He asserts that the attempt is successful, and he offers us a novel as the testimony of his moral rebirth. But Moravia himself, a novelist writing about a novelist, does not believe in his own values. Accordingly, the process of novelistic creation becomes problematic for him; the high-wire artist says, what the devil am I doing up here, Niagara rushing below me? And begins to argue and explain, and loses his footing.

The novelist's priestly vocation requires that he confess openly his most atrocious imaginings. He does so as a kind of oblique philippic against his life and ours. "I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." The modern novelist makes his confession to the *Deus absconditus*, and withdraws it in pain and fury. To have better novels we should have to be better men, rediscovering or reinventing an exacting idea of what it is we owe to ourselves. Until we do, the art that should be our sustenance will be little more than a symptomatology, as in the novels of Moravia, indications of spiritual sickness.

The Constant Loser

***The Stranger in the Snow,** by Lester Goran (New American Library. 211 pp. $4.95), pursues the funny, sad adventures in Pittsburgh, Miami, and Louisville of a likable schlemiel. Joseph Haas is an editor and staff writer for Panorama magazine of the Chicago Daily News.*

By JOSEPH HAAS

HARRY MYERS is a loser, a nice Jewish man with good intentions and daydreams of greatness as a lover, a flashy gambler, or a big-time racketeer. But at forty-five, balding, paunchy, unmarried, living with his widowed mother and spinster sister, without a steady job, dreams are hard to keep. And then he's haunted, too, by the ghost of a Methodist soldier named Wilson who was killed in Myers's stead twenty years ago in Italy, during World War II.

Wilson's ghost, in soiled fatigues, helmet, and muddy, bloody combat boots, causes Myers to waken often, screaming, "I am a murderer!" When Myers is awake, the ghost frequently displays a far-out sense of humor. Once when Myers is using a public pay toilet, he sees the gory boots, with the fatigue pants crumpled around the ankles, beneath the wall in the next booth.

To assuage his guilt Myers sends small monthly checks to Wilson's widow in Louisville, and he never forgets Wilson's son on the Christian holidays. After twenty years of this, Myers has sentimental fantasies about the pretty blonde woman and the boy in the photograph he found in the slain Wilson's pocket, and he sometimes pretends to strangers that they're his own family.

Myers's jobs are losers' jobs—plumber's helper, house-to-house salesman of storm windows and aluminum awnings. He avoids his sister's spinster girl friends and takes his pleasure with the sexy widow Rappaport, who has "breasts like fists," but runs scared when she talks of matrimony. When a backroom poker game is raided, Myers is the only one jailed; the "numbers tickets" he allowed a friend to slip into his back pocket turn out to be marijuana cigarettes.

That's the way it is with Harry in the Oakland neighborhood of Pittsburgh, where author Lester Goran took us in an earlier novel to describe the bittersweet life of the Jews and Poles and other descendants of immigrants. As in *The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue*, Mr. Goran writes of his people with sympathy and honesty, and makes them real and credible.

At last it looks as if everything has changed for Myers. He makes enough money cheating people on awning and window deals to finance a vacation in Miami. Norma Rappaport stalks him there, Lillian Wilson writes that she's willing to join him, and a wealthy young Jewish woman from New York proposes marriage.

> For forty-five years, he thought, women used to walk around me as if I were a fire hydrant, and suddenly rich girls want to marry me and divorcées with good tail want me so bad they will shoot to kill for the love of me. He smiled slowly, a ladykiller with his tan. He had also, he thought, just for the record, dropped eight pounds swimming and walking. Twelve more and maybe I'll put my body on sale, he thought, and continued to grin.

But this is Lester Goran, not Horatio Alger, to savor like a sourball until the sad, sweet taste is gone. It's real, and Myers is the constant schlemiel. His dreams and his women crumble around him and, when the fun is over, he asks his old friend Gedunsky, ex-neighborhood political power and smalltime conman, about the riddle of Wilson's death: "Tell me, Oscar, why did one loving father die there and Myers from the whorehouses live? . . ." And wise old Gedunsky replies, "Who said the earth was home? Men are like flowers in the snow. . . . Born only to be frozen."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. *(The Oresteia) Agamemnon, The Eumenides.* 2. *Childhood, Boyhood.* 3. *(The Forsyte Saga) In Chancery, To Let.* 4. *(Kristin Lavransdatter) The Bridal Wreath, The Mistress of Husaby.* 5. *(The Fortunes of Richard Mahony) The Way Home, Ultima Thule.* 6. *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan, Judgment Day.* 7. *Mutiny on the Bounty, Pitcairn's Island.* 8. *(U.S.A.) The 42nd Parallel, 1919.* 9. *The Hamlet, The Mansion.* 10. *(The Lord of the Rings) The Fellowship of the Ring, The Two Towers.*

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The Divine Contradiction

Evil and the God of Love, *by John Hick (Harper & Row. 404 pp. $6.95), wrestles with the question "Need the world contain the more extreme and crushing evils which it in fact contains?" Rudolph C. Muska is professor of philosophy at Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio.*

By RUDOLPH C. MUSKA

IN A day when religious issues provoke a wide and sustained interest, it is surprising how few books have appeared on the perennial Problem of Evil. With few exceptions, most writers treat the issue rather blandly—more as an intellectual puzzle—relegating it to a single chapter or less. It is all the more surprising when you consider that no special problem poses a greater obstacle to religious belief than the magnitude and ubiquity of evil in a world believed to be created by a beneficent deity. To say merely that this is an important problem is a vast understatement, and those who seem blissfully unaware of it are either mesmerized by emotional piety or plainly ignorant of the world situation.

Simply stated, the problem of evil is a dilemma: If God is good, He is opposed to evil; and if He is all-powerful, He can abolish it; but since evil abounds, God either is not good or not powerful enough to eliminate it. Clearly, from one point of view, the *problem* of evil does not even exist, for it is based upon a host of assumptions concerning the existence and character of God. This is why it is a "theologian's problem," arising as it does because of certain religious affirmations which the theologian is reluctant to abandon. On the other hand, evil itself is not a problem (except in the practical sense of finding ways to reduce it). Evil just is—everywhere present and agonizingly human. Whether on an individual or a universal scale, examples of famine, cruelty, misery, and death hardly have to be mentioned. "Need the world contain the more extreme and crushing evils which it in fact contains?" This is the question John Hick attempts to answer in this book.

Although the Problem of Evil haunts most types of religion, the author confines his attention to the Christian frame of reference. As sound scholarship demands, he thoroughly reviews the main traditions in which Christian thinkers have attempted to reconcile God's goodness and sovereignty with the universality of sin and suffering. There are two such traditions: the Augustinian (which includes St. Thomas, Calvin, Barth, *et al.*), and the Irenaean (of which Schleiermacher and Tennant are notable figures). The former is the major one, dominating the theological scene until the nineteenth century; the latter is a discontinuous one, developed mostly by Protestant thinkers in the twentieth century.

The essential features of the Augustinian view, nicely crystallized by the author, is that it's a sort of God's-eye view in which the deity out of his overflowing goodness creates a plenitude of beings, one of which is man. Evil in nature "is traceable to the necessary finitude and contingency of a dependent world," while moral evil comes about by man's willful misuse of his God-given freedom. The Irenaean tradition, according to Hick, is less philosophical in character and more faithful to the "theological facts." It does not pretend to give a harmonious view of the entire creation, but construes the existence of the world as an environment in which the continuous creation and prefection of man has its beginning.

In spelling out his own theodicy, Professor Hick follows this latter tradition, and the engaging thing is the way he handles some of the most crucial questions facing the contemporary believer: Is there eternal punishment for most, or any, of mankind? Is evil an instrument of God's purpose? Are there reasonable grounds for belief in life after death? These and other questions are perceptively handled. For those involved in the battle of faith, a struggle not unconnected with the secular philosophies and radical theologies of the day, this volume promises a refreshing reappraisal of theological notions and doctrines. For those advanced in religious philosophy, it offers plenty of thought-provoking argument and rich documentation.

But having said these kind things, and admitting that Hick's view is one of the best theodicies currently available, *does* he succeed in resolving the painful problem of dysteleological evil? Are we given, for example, a satisfactory answer to the horrendous insanity (as the dust jacket seems to suggest) of "Auschwitz and Belsen and the other camps in which, between 1942 and 1945, between four and six million Jewish men, women, and children were deliberately and scientifically murdered"? Or is Hick's reply more of a palliative: Such deeds were not "in any sense willed by God" (although He *permitted* them!); the world would have been "much much better—if they had never happened" (but we are assured that God's good purpose for each individual has not been defeated); these events were "utterly evil, wicked, devilish" (however, Christ's example "should have led Christians to be willing to risk their own lives to help the escape of the threatened victims").

THE author's theological justification for such events is to aver that they are genuine evils but contained and overruled by God's ultimate purpose; he insists that they are utterly and really evil, and yet relative to a final good in which "nothing will finally have been sheerly and irredeemably evil." The seeming ambiguity here is engendered by Hick's desire to escape both a final dualism, which makes evil ultimate and beyond God's sovereignty, and a monism which makes evil really not evil but an instrumentality subject to God's control. In the end, Hick yields to the latter in order to save God's omnipotence, and to save God's goodness he adds doctrines of redemption and personal survival. Evil is "really evil, really malevolent, and deadly . . . [and yet] in the end it will be defeated and made to serve God's good purposes." This theodicy rings of the Christian hymn, "*O felix culpa,*" and the long and short of it is reflected, somewhat paradoxically, in St. Augustine's proposal that "God judged it better to bring good out of evil, than to suffer no evil to exist."

But even if we concur in this general viewpoint, is the question of exorbitant suffering adequately answered? One can hear the victim of unjust suffering cry out against its cruel and destructive meaninglessness, only to be told: "Our 'solution,' then, to this baffling problem of excessive and undeserved suffering is a frank appeal to the positive value of mystery . . . a real mystery, impenetrable to the rationalizing human mind." Yet, are not theodicy and mystery strangely compatible, if at all, seeing that the essence of theodicy is an appeal to reason? Would not a more reasonable and humane theodicy be one in which the Almighty would eliminate, or at least decrease, the senseless and extravagant suffering in the world? For God only knows that our world contains hardships, dangers, and problems enough to produce moral character without the wretchedness that deteriorates the personality and dehumanizes the person.

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The S-Curves Are Forming

The Step to Man, *by John Rader Platt (John Wiley. 216 pp. $5.95), deals with ways and means to increase human intelligence. Stuart Chase's numerous books include "The Proper Study of Mankind."*

By STUART CHASE

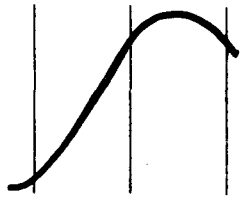
THIS collection of essays by a biophysicist happily marries C. P. Snow's "two cultures"—the world view of the scientist and the world view of the humanist. Dr. John R. Platt is currently associate director of the Mental Health Institute at the University of Michigan, and also a humanist in his profound concern for the fate of man. He writes clearly and well, and from time to time strikes a note of genuine eloquence, as when he says: "The world is now too dangerous for anything less than Utopia."

The twelve essays are somewhat uneven, and a few duplications could well have been eliminated. But they drive with freshness, imagination, and power to a single conclusion: Man can prevail. The note is primarily one of optimism.

Mankind, says Dr. Platt, is now in the middle of the most difficult period in his history; the Ice Ages are nothing to it. Applied science, or technology, advancing at an exponential rate, is forcing changes in our way of life which properly require many decades for adequate adjustment, but which must be met, for better or worse, in the next few years. The population explosion, the threat of nuclear war, the stark necessity of creating some kind of workable world government—it is indeed a time "too dangerous for anything less than Utopia." These essays all deal with ways and means to increase human intelligence, and, by using the scientific method and attitude, to give us more power to overcome the massive human problems that lie ahead.

Most of us who try to understand the changes wrought by technology see them as something just getting under way. We plot curves of progress—or calamity—which ascend ever more steeply. Thus certain demographers project the population of the world to the point of standing-room only within a century or two, employing accurate calculations based on current rates of growth.

No, says Dr. Platt. We are *not* at the beginning; we are in the tumultuous middle of cultural change. Many of the curves which have been accelerating so steeply are beginning, or will soon begin, to level out, and then turn backward into the well-known S-curve, or logistic curve of growth, like this:



The S-curve does not mean that computers, or air traffic, will stop growing, but that the *rate* of growth will decline—which is a very different proposition. Dr. Platt challenges the predictions of both the statisticians and the philosophers by reminding them that not even the most dynamic colony of bacteria continues to grow exponentially when its nutrients run out.

Well, the nutrients—or the finite limits—are running out in a number of departments. The S-curves are forming. We tend to look at technological trends in too brief a time scale, says our author. Look further, he says, and many will slow down; they must slow down. "They will reach implacable limits of growth to become stable states."

Take communication. Once we are able to transmit sight and sound around the world in approximately two seconds, as is now the case, no acceleration can be expected to increase the speed of radio or TV.

Take transportation. The steam locomotive at seventy miles an hour outdistanced the fastest bird a century ago. Jets now travel at 600 miles an hour, but supersonics at 2,000 miles an hour are in the air experimentally, with rocket planes, at 4,000 miles an hour, on the drawing board. All this produces a perfectly splendid exponential curve in 100 years. But how long can it continue? We can now send a man to any point on earth in less than a day. The earth is only so big. Igor Sikorsky once said that it was too small to tolerate air speeds of more than 500 miles an hour. Was he thinking also of the limitation provided by sonic boom?

Dr. Platt adduces case after case where the S-curve is taking over. It is forming in nuclear overkill. It is forming in population growth, attested by the current famine in India, and will come by famine or by birth control—probably both—within the next decade or so.

Alerted by this analysis, the careful observer can find S-curves in all directions. Take numbers. The human mind is a marvelous instrument and the chief glory of man. But how many arbitrary numbers can the normal mind retain? It is now being jammed with bank account numbers, Social Security numbers, zip code numbers, telephone numbers, automobile license numbers, Blue Cross numbers. How many of us are beginning to greet a new imperative in five to ten digits with "Oh, the hell with it"?

Dr. Platt, I might point out, receives strong support at another level from René Dubos of the Rockefeller Institute. Dr. Dubos speaks for most biologists when he says that homo sapiens acquired its genetic code (DNA) during the late Paleolithic period, and has not changed significantly since that time. This means that a healthy baby born to a Cro-Magnon woman 20,000 years ago and transported by the "time machine" of H. G. Wells to a kindly family in Scarsdale, New York, would grow up little different from other children on the block. And vice versa. The unchangeability of man's genes, says Dr. Dubos, defines the limits beyond which technology cannot force him. At some point changes due to culture must bend over in the S-curve demanded by the human pool on genes. Those ten-digit numbers may be an example.

Dr. Platt is not completely sure that we are going to survive the ominous test ahead, but he is sure that the test will not be prolonged beyond fifteen to twenty years. He compares it to the shock-front of the pressure wave generated by a supersonic plane. We are now on the edge of a pressure wave with abnormal turbulence. But if the shock-front can be passed, a much calmer scene lies beyond, one where exponential change gives way to a steady-state condition.

He asks all men of good will to contemplate that world, for it will have very different patterns from those of today. It will be Utopian in the sense of being a world without war, without poverty, overcrowding, disease. But there will still be problems—more problems, I believe, than Dr. Platt allows for.

Never mind. We look beyond the current shock-front "to a wealthy and powerful and coordinated world society, reaching across the solar system; a society that might find out how to keep itself alive and evolving for thousands or millions of years. . . . It is a tremendous prospect. It is a quantum jump."

It is good to have a biological physicist tell us so.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

CONSUMER FINANCE: A Case History in American Business. By Irving S. Michelman. Frederick Fell. $6.

Crime, Suspense

AMBER NINE. By John Gardner. Viking. $3.95.

THE COLD WAR SWAP. By Ross Thomas. Morrow. $3.95.

THE MAN WHO CRIED ALL THE WAY HOME. By Dolores Hitchens. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

RUN, FOOL, RUN. By Frank Gruber. Dutton. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE COMMUNITY AND RACIAL CRISIS. Edited by David Stahl el al. Practising Law Institute. $7.50.

DISSENTER IN A GREAT SOCIETY: A Christian View of America in Crisis. By William Stringfellow. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

Fiction

APPEARANCE OF A MAN. By George Backer. Random House. $5.95.

BIG MAN. By Jay Neugeboren. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

THE BOGEYMAN. By Margaret Forster. Putnam. $4.50.

EXCURSION. By Francis Pollini. Putnam. $4.95.

FATHERS AND DREAMERS. By Dallas Miller. Doubleday. $5.95.

A HANDFUL OF RICE. By Kamala Markandaya. John Day. $5.95.

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE. By Chinua Achebe. John Day. $3.95.

THE MENORAH MEN. By Lionel Davidson. Harper & Row. $5.95.

NO MORE BUGLES IN THE SKY. By Richard Newhafer. New American Library. $5.95.

TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE: Being a Series of Epistles, or Declamations. By Kenneth Burke. Univ. of California Press. $4.95. (Reissue.)

A WILDERNESS OF VINES. By Hal Bennett. Doubleday. $4.95.

Government, Politics

COMMUNIST POLITICAL SYSTEMS. By Alvin Z. Rubinstein. Prentice-Hall. $10.

THE IDEA OF POLITICS. By Maurice Duverger. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION MANUAL. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. $2.

History

IRELAND. By Michael MacLiammoir and Edwin Smith. Viking. $12.50.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF GEORGIA. By Alan Conway. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $6.50.

THE SKY ON FIRE: The First Battle of Britain 1917-1918 and the Birth of the Royal Air Force. By Major Raymond H. Fredette, USAF. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.50.

Literary Criticism

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—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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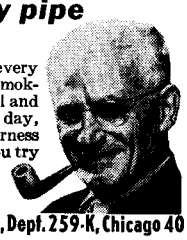

E.A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 259-K, Chicago 40

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In Full Color

THE FIFTIETH FILM directed by Alfred Hitchcock is *Torn Curtain,* and it doesn't make for a golden occasion. Although not his worst by any means, this yarn about an American space professor spying his way through East Germany, followed by his assistant and bride-to-be, is oddly lethargic (for Hitchcock) and only tepidly suspenseful. The main trouble seems to spring from the script, an original written by Brian Moore, who, while a novelist of excellence, is no John Le Carré in the suspense field. His notions about the scientific machinations of the Cold War are childish, and so thin and unbelievable are the roles given Paul Newman and Julie Andrews that they amount to little more than walk-throughs.

Would you believe that Professor Newman, seeking a solution to his anti-missile research, would pretend to be a defector to the Communist side in order to contact and brain-probe an East German scientist who has already figured out the problem, or that the East Germans would regard his defection as credible? Having been inundated with spy novels and movies, many of them highly ingenious, we just can't accept such simple-minded stuff. Miss Andrews, English-American to the core, and unaware of the true nature of his mission, decides to keep an eye on her fiancé, and pretends to defect, too—her love for the professor sorely tried, of course. And unintentionally funny is the moment when at last she learns that Newman is loyal to our own defense cause. She embraces him with a curious mixture of physical and patriotic joy.

East Germany, according to Hitchcock and Moore, is riddled with CIA agents and anti-Communists, and whenever Newman and Miss Andrews get into real trouble there's always someone around to help them out. Now and then there's a bit of the old Hitchcock sparkle, but tastelessly gory is the scene in which Newman and a German woman dispose of a suspicious Communist detective, and less than menacing are those occasional moments when it seems that the old Hitchcock is about to emerge. I'm tempted to think that Hitchcock just hasn't been going to the movies lately. There's a lot he has to catch up on.

Another of the older masters, William Wyler, indulges himself in some suspense, too, in *How to Steal a Million,* but he plays it for wit and comedy, and is aided by the stylish work of Audrey Hepburn and Peter O'Toole, an engaging pair. She's the daughter of a rich art forger, and he's a specialist at detecting spurious "masterpieces." Most of the fun revolves around their efforts in getting a phony Cellini sculpture out of a maximum security Paris museum. Both do their best with the lines provided by Harry Kurnitz, whose wit too often is on the ethereal side, and Wyler's direction is polished, if not very exciting. But to help maintain interest there's some expert comic performing by Hugh Griffith and Eli Wallach, and Givenchy has decked out Miss Hepburn in several truly eye-catching costumes.

Even more fun, though, is *The Wrong Box,* a Bryan Forbes-directed film, made in England, which stems from a Robert Louis Stevenson story. Utilizing some of the best and most distinguished British performers extant, Forbes makes a Victorian romp out of the rascally efforts to obtain the winnings of a tontine—a kind of lottery in which the last surviving participant takes the whole pot of a trust fund. The players, not necessarily in order of preference, are John Mills, Sir Ralph Richardson, Peter Sellers, Michael Caine, Nanette Newman, Peter Cook, and Tony Hancock. If that isn't recommendation enough (for they're all a delight to watch), let me say that the convolutions of the plot are continually diverting up until about ten minutes from the end, when Mr. Forbes gets a little too intrigued with a chase involving several horse-drawn funeral wagons.

The above films are in color. Hitchcock and Wyler are not innovative. Forbes is splashier. But Claude Lelouch, whose *A Man and a Woman* won this year's Grand Prize at Cannes, is obviously a genius of the color camera, although something less than a brilliant scriptwriter, and a director mightily influenced at the moment by Truffaut, Antonioni, and Godard, whose varying methods he has not wholly digested. Twenty-eight years old, Lelouch is his own cameraman, and his film is a dazzling display of virtuosity, from capturing the look and sound of Grand Prix racing to haunting closeups of the haunting face of Anouk Aimee. Disregarding established practice and continuity, he shifts from full color to black and white, and a variety of tones between.

His story, though, is hardly so original, dealing with two widowed lovers who meet, love, break apart, and come together again. Jean-Louis Trintignant is moodily effective as Miss Aimee's admirer, and the impudence of their scenes together often helps to overcome what otherwise might have seemed banality.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

"... Humbly yours,"

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Ohio Report

LAKEWOOD, OHIO.

IN CLEVELAND'S West Side suburb of Lakewood, the Board of Education has for the last five years sponsored its own Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival. Although its facilities are far from ideal, a viewing of two of its productions indicates that this festival is remarkably well able to please not only a large general audience, but also to perform classics in such a way that twenty-seven auditoriums full of high-school students who will be brought here in September will be thoroughly entertained.

Twelfth Night is given a broad but by no means insensitive performance in which the slightly overdone buffoonery of the Malvolio-Sir Toby Belch sequences dominate—to the apparent delight of the audience. Victor Raider-Wexler's Malvolio is blatantly funny, and he receives solid support from the company. The performers are less successful in the romantic portions of the comedy, partly because it is difficult to achieve intimacy on this stage, and partly because Betty Low's Viola is performed in a balletic style that seems too patently formal by comparison and doesn't mix well with Margaret O'Neill's more subtle and genuine Olivia.

If *Twelfth Night* seems here and there a bit too jolly for a romantic comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer* thrives more thoroughly as unabashedly boisterous merriment. Particularly effective are the vigorously hilarious performances of Clarence Felder as a bellowingly bumptuous Squire Hardcastle, Susan Willis as his rustic wife, and Norma Joseph as his adorably mischievous daughter, Kate. George Vafiadis and Mario Siletti are excellent as the two suitors, and Peter Blaxill is a carefree Tony Lumpkin.

A good share of the credit for these agreeable and fast-moving productions must go to director Lawrence Carra and his staff. While this oversize auditorium-stage presents the greatest difficulties, Milton Howarth's setting and stage adjustments, William Nelson's lighting, and Joseph Bella's costumes have already begun to make this theater more workable. And despite the limited twelve-day rehearsal period during which actors must rehearse five hours and perform three, Mr. Carra has shaped his first two productions so skillfully that they emerge as relaxed and lively.

Soon *King Lear*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and *The Winter's Tale* will be worked into the summer repertoire. And on the basis of what has already been achieved, hopes are high not only that this will be the most popularly successful Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival to date, but also that future seasons will have a solid base from which a long-range improvement in quality can be made.

CINCINNATI.

IN Eden Park, high above the lights of downtown Cincinnati, sits one of the most relaxed theaters in the United States. Called Playhouse in the Park, it offers its audiences a menu consisting in equal parts of revivals of classics, modern American plays, and modern European plays. It is the third category which is most surprising, for one would not expect to find much of an audience outside New York for such nonpopular material as Yeats's *Calvary*, Beckett's *Act Without Words, II*, Betti's *The Burnt Flower Bed*, Giraudoux's *Sodom and Gomorrah*, or the current attraction, Henry Livings's *Eh?*

The latter is the first production in this country of the most recent play by a thirty-five-year-old British actor-playwright, whose output to date [*Stop It, Whoever You Are* (1961), *Big Soft Nellie* (1961), *Nil Carborundum* (1962), *Kelly's Eye* (1963), and *Eh?* (1964)] has lifted him into the exclusive company of Osborne, Wesker, Pinter, Bolt, and Arden. But none of the others have written a play as difficult to perform as *Eh?* For it requires a style of acting one can only get from performers who are accustomed to the direct and vulgar relationship that exists between British music hall comics and their working-class audiences.

Its protagonist, Valentine Brose, is at first glance a kooky exaggeration of the most impossible job applicant one could imagine. The play begins with the amusing confrontation between him and Price, a fiercely sane dye-works manager. To make it funnier still, the job he's being considered for is the supervision of a boiler that works automatically.

Sam Waterston plays Brose somnambulistically, making him seem a British teen-age goof who, because he is a misfit, has learned to outfox society simply by letting it adjust to him. And Charles Cioffi's Price is the perfect foil as he mutteringly finds himself going against all logic by hiring Brose. When Mrs. Murray, the plant psychologist, played firmly by Paddy Edwards, reminds Price that all men are a challenge, he shakes his head and replies, "This one's a *dare*."

However, the real antagonist of the piece is not Price, but the factory, whose absurd impersonality is represented by a loudspeaker that broadcasts cheery instructions, and by the boiler, with its push-button controls. Here, designer Douglas W. Schmidt has concocted a hilarious infernal machine that at critical moments throws off a gusher of steam and at the end blows up into a stage-drenching shambles.

There is a great deal more to *Eh?* than just obvious comic conflict between eccentric employee and his automatized job. For instance, we meet a somewhat demented minister, portrayed with a precisely measured tolerance by David Hooks, who may stand for the inconsistencies within organized religion. And Brose's newlywed little wife, played resignedly by Linda Segal, seems to satirize wives' traditional acceptance of outrageous conditions. In this case, she must honeymoon in the boiler room and sneak out before each day shift begins.

While one admires the cast, which, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, has mastered a variety of British dialects, the latter and some of the play's slang make a good deal of the dialogue undecipherable to American ears. It is, therefore, all the more amazing that the broad sweep of the play's action manages to be satisfactory.

One suspects that the relatively small size of this three-quarters arena theater (227 seats) has something to do with it, for the audiences here may be the sophisticated, thin layer of cream from the top of the population of 1,300,000 in and near metropolitan Cincinnati. Nevertheless, a conversation with Brooks Jones, Playhouse in the Park's young producer, suggests a second factor. The emphasis here, he reveals, has turned out to be on craft, with the performers learning to communicate directly with audiences in much the same way that cabaret artists do. Thus, the company is usually able to make any material it attempts work on the most direct and primary level. At the moment, Mr. Jones is planning to go even further in this direction by setting up a cabaret in which his actors will try new techniques in late-night revues.

Fortunately, too, he has a board of directors that he believes to be unique in their willingness to help without interfering in operating policy.

In the offing is the project of building a second, larger theater adjacent to the first, so that the subscription rolls (now frozen at 3,200) can be opened and a greater variety of opportunity furnished the artists. With the resident-company movement expanding so rapidly, Jones knows he must have such opportunity in order to attract and keep his more talented performers.

—HENRY HEWES.

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At Home with the Danes

COPENHAGEN.

MY SOUVENIRS of Denmark are so warm and so constant that I am at a loss to understand how I let something like eight years slip by without mushing north for an Alpine sandwich of baby shrimps, an inoculation of ice cold Aalborg, and a gambol through Tivoli. All that and I could, fickle soul, forget at least for the nonce, the glories of Grand Véfour and the Bois in April.

The airport at Kastrup is no less functional and clean of fuss than Danish furniture, and there is simply no customs and immigration inspection that is more casual. (It is on the way out that a beady-eyed Brünnhilde sticks each passenger for an exit tax, and one leaves the country with the impression that Kastrup is cold and businesslike.)

The cabs are clean and functional, too, and unlike the *droshkys* in New York and some in Paris, to dismiss entirely the minicabs in London, it isn't necessary to execute a full-gainer in order to get in the door. As for the Palace Hotel, where rooms had been engaged, it had hardly changed at all during the years. If anything, now in the warm weather, its lobby bereft of carpets, it seemed barren and dispirited and in urgent need of a facelift and a new cast of characters.

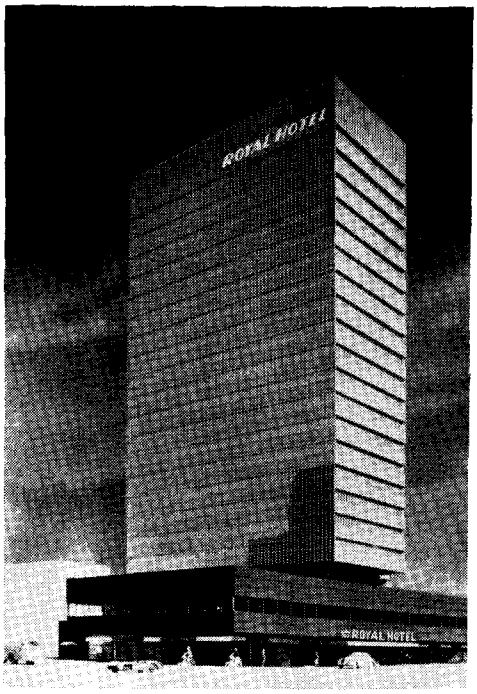
I walked across the square to look at the Royal Hotel, the giant inn erected by Scandinavian Airlines while I was off touring in other countries. It has long since become a well-seasoned hotel, run with the polished expertise of Alberto Kappenberger, a Swiss I had known from his days at the Baur au Lac in Zurich when that sanctuary was one of the best in all Europe. It is quite a change for Kappenberger, for the Baur au Lac was, say, like the Imperial in Vienna, while the Royal is more on the order of the Hilton in New York. It is a tall glass tower with hordes of Arne Jacobsen's egg chairs swiveling in every available corner.

I found the lobby rather dim and even a little cold, but the restaurants attractive, particularly the snack bar off the lobby where in the days to come I was to sneak in no matter the hour—ten in the morning would do—for a sandwich of a thousand shrimps and a bottle of Carlsberg. Some of the bedrooms upstairs, especially those with studio beds, are inclined to look as if they had been designed by a hotel engineer married to a cost accountant. They make use of every available inch, and the inches are measured to the millimeter. But the larger rooms are better and the glass-wall views in the tower—it is, after all, the tallest building in the north—are gorgeous.

Copenhagen—Its opportunities for dining in homes are not to be missed.

THE Royal has risen skyward on a fine location. It is across the street from Tivoli and down the block from the circus. The neighborhood brims with shops, and dozens of built-in shops surround the hotel itself, a handier arrangement than being in that quaint little inn at the outskirts of town. Not the least of the Royal's advantages is the presence of the airline terminal building on its premises, about as handy an arrangement as the airlines building and the Hilton in San Francisco.

I crossed the square again, and headed for the new Hotel Kong Frederik, braving the swarm of bicycles and the perfume that emanated from the tiny white carts selling *varme Pølser*, the Danish hot dog that features an elongated frankfurter and a foreshortened roll. The Kong Frederik, or King Frederick, to put it in the native tongue, is an old hotel newly repolished until today it is something of a jewel. Its walls are dark-panelled, the light is subdued, and good paintings hang from the wall. The rooms are done in quiet traditional, but they are small and they face the



Copenhagen's Royal Hotel—This glass tower overlooking the Tivoli is the tallest building in the European North.

street. Anyone asking for crackling service will miss the Royal, for here the concierge may be capable, but the telephone operator's relationship with English is hardly even hearsay. Yet the Kong Frederik is a sweet little place and a tasteful one.

Its greatest charm, perhaps, is its Queens Restaurant, where it serves breakfast to hotel guests and lunch and dinner to anyone. Crystal chandeliers glow from the ceiling, portraits grace the panels along the wall and the light glass vitrines inset into the walls are filled with artful treasures. It is a fine atmosphere for *blinis à la Côte Baltique, ris de veau Toulouse Lautrec, paupiettes de sole soufflée Ledoyen,* and other minor masterpieces totally unexpected.

I must say I was enchanted enough from first look to move over from the Palace after the first few days. Those early mornings after I had taken residence in Kong Frederik's castle, I will confess that I fully expected, considering the noise that was wafting up from the street, to find myself being run over in my bed by thirty speeding bicycles. Nothing came of it, anymore than anything came of my attempts to get a phone call past the operator, but the lovely peace and elegance of Kong Frederik's dining salon, surrounded by all that starched linen and those relatives in oil peering down from their gilded frames on the wall, were enough to return me to civility, if not all the way to nirvana.

All the restaurants of Copenhagen awaited, nervously and eagerly, no doubt, but our first night in town we

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were invited to a private home, a rare opportunity which, according to Sutton's law, ought not to be missed while traveling abroad. In Scandinavia, dining at home can be particularly ritualistic, with an etiquette to be observed for *skoaling* and another for speech-making. The Danes were the first country to install a program to allow foreign visitors inside their homes. The so-called Meet-the-Danes program was inaugurated in 1945 to welcome those British and American servicemen on postwar tours into Danish homes. The idea was picked up by the National Travel Association of Denmark in 1948, and since then it has made arrangements for 60,000 foreign visitors to spend an evening with a Danish family.

Hundreds of Danes allow their names to be kept on file by the Information Service of the National Travel Association. Visitors must apply after they arrive in Copenhagen, and they ought to allow a full day for proper arrangements to be made. It is hardly possible for Danish hosts to invite foreign guests for dinner. The invitation is specifically for "an evening," with the visit to begin sometime after 8 o'clock.

My own case was rather different, since we were friends of friends, so to speak, but the heritage for welcoming foreigners was there, and the Danes who were to be our hosts and those who were to be guests with us were familiar with it. The neighborhood in Copenhagen to which we were taken was not exactly scruffy, but it was not fashionable either. Nor was the exterior of the elderly apartment house where we drew up. The guests were a mixed lot—an English doctor just back from the Middle East, a theater-and-dance critic for a Danish newspaper, a Swedish ballerina and her Danish husband, a Dane in the industrial paper business who early told us that he was a Huguenot, a newspaperman specializing in foreign affairs. Our host was a Danish ballet-master of great cultivation, aided by his brother, a banker, and his spinster sister, who functioned as hostess and smoked cigars.

The cocktails were light aperitifs in the European manner, and we shortly sat down at an immense table to a meal that wasn't typically Danish at all. The wine was French and perfectly chosen. There was sign neither of *akvavit* nor of beer. The main course was a giant roast of beef hand-carried by two elderly maids in black, with frilly white caps and aprons, cheeks flushed by the heat in their kitchen. I had scarcely seen the likes of them since my childhood. The *skoaling* began, and one had to be nimble of eyeball to capture the glance of the host, or that of the special friend with whom one had conversed pleasantly before dinner, the dinner partner at one's right and left—making always sure to look the *skoaler* in the eye, to lower the glass to the third button of one's vest, or where it would have been, if it hadn't been summer and one vestless. Meantime, one had to maintain a vigilance for any incoming *skoals* that had to be treated with immediately on arrival. One also had to remember not to *skoal* the hostess, in this case the spinster sister, lest she be *skoaled* by all and she slip to the floor before having a chance to light her after-dinner cigar.

The dinner was not fancy, but it was done with good taste and, despite the puffing of the maids, with a certain effortlessness born of breeding and practice. When it was over, the party splintered into groups. The English doctor had long since left, having dashed off in the middle of the roast beef to see a ballet. Of him one learned very little, excepting that he combed his hair to cover a bald spot, had many dancers among his patients, was a confidant of an Arab ruler, and had rushed to the Middle East right after a recent assassination. He had once been in British Intelligence, someone said.

THE husband of the Swedish dancer was bitterly against United States policy in Vietnam—there is at least one at every dinner abroad nowadays. On the other hand, he had been markedly impressed by what he had seen in Moscow—there are almost as many of *those* around now as there were Marxist theorists during the late Thirties—and he made the usual odious comparisons between our society and theirs. The Huguenot was eager to know, as if I were an exhibit from some strange tribe who had been captured alive, from what national strains I had sprung, and how long ago. The foreign affairs writer gave no views on foreign affairs. The critic told how he had got his Ph.D. thirty years before; the host kept the glasses filled; and the hostess, since she spoke no English, was content to smoke her cigar and watch television in another room, where a splinter group had gone to watch a televised game between teams from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

It was an extremely enlightening evening, affording a clearer view of the culture and perhaps the life than any casual visitor could have gleaned from a stay in the hotels and a march around the museums. I made it a point later to look into the matter of foreign-visitor programs, and was amazed to learn that so many are flourishing in other countries. Besides the twenty-year-old Danish program there is also a twelve-year-old one run by the Swedes called "Sweden at Home."

The Swedish program can be arranged from their national travel office in New York, or at any one of the branch travel offices in Sweden. Visitors from abroad can spend an evening with a trade unionist, a teacher, or even a stamp collector. The program is functioning in Göteborg, Malmö, Kalmar, Hälsingborg, Ostersund, and, of course, in Stockholm.

A similar type of meeting among the citizens is being offered in Holland, called "Get in Touch With the Dutch." Any local tourist office of the Netherlands will take a registration. Foreign visitors can specify what kind of a family they would like to meet. The assortment is broad. The Dutch have proved so enthusiastic about the idea that people from all walks of life have volunteered, including canal boat captains, who entertain on their houseboat homes.

IT is a popular concept that the French don't want to get in touch with anybody, and therefore no one wants to meet them. Many people who have been to France say that it is a tossup as to which is worse, a Frenchman's bark or his bite. This may turn out to be so much calumny, for on the heels of last year's smile campaign the Gauls have launched a new program entitled "*Les Français Reçoivent.*" This is an experiment for only this year, but while it is in effect twenty French cities have joined the scheme, and will receive foreign visitors in their homes. If too much amity ensues between his people and the Americans, de Gaulle will no doubt make certain that next year the French don't receive.

With the acceleration of America's program to bring foreigners to the United States, the Department of Commerce has put on a "Meet the Americans" program, too. People in more than fifty cities have signified they would like to entertain strangers from other countries. The United States Travel Service has stated that New York City is not participating in the Americans-at-Home Program. Visitors to New York City have many other things to do, and frequently have more time for home visits when they are in communities of smaller size, the government office told an inquirer not long ago. Besides, they say, nobody wants to take on the responsibility of running the program.

New York's defection is something of a shame, for in many ways New York is the most colorful of all American cities. The whole idea could have been broken down into categories—lawyers meet lawyers and doctors meet doctors—as in other cities. In New York one could have been invited to "Have a Snack with a Flack." "Take a Pusher to Lunch" might have been handled by a second group, and foreigners eager to improve their idiomatic English might have signed up for a program called "Get Gabby with a Cabbie." Perhaps it's not too late.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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World Citizen

Continued from page 14

writer gives a man a chance to knit himself together. The psychologists call it integration, but all it means is that at some time a man must be capable of facing himself. And this is seldom something that can be done on the run—especially when a man is in pursuit of practically everything in behalf of practically nothing.

The book is the particularized art of the writer. A book exercises yet replenishes the mind; it shatters the loneliness one feels in the group, yet it provides a splendid mutuality in isolation; it confronts the physical limitations of life yet seeks to transcend them; it helps a man to comprehend the need for stillness.

THERE is yet another function of the book that warrants attention and celebration. This has to do with great themes, great ideas, great ideals. There can be no civilization without progress, no progress without ideas, no ideas without books. The writer helps to furnish the basic energy for human advance. Aristophanes once protested against what he called "traitors to the stage." He was referring to those writers who failed to make the most of the opportunities not just to entertain people but to change them and move them. The problem of the writer has always been to increase his usefulness and his accessibility. For brilliance of expression is not enough. The writer must have something to say. He must be able to get through.

Too many writers today, I fear, seem reluctant to address themselves to the larger visions of which man is capable. They pride themselves on their ability to see life for what it is, but the result is actually a counterfeit realism that ignores the more meaningful aspects of life. One wonders whether such writers have been preoccupied with human neuroses to the virtual exclusion of the human potential; whether, in the desire to avoid easy sentimentality, they may not have divorced themselves from honest sentiment. Indeed, so far as the United States is concerned, we have been passing through what later historians may regard as the Dry-Eyed Period of American Literature. Instead of reaching for the grand themes that can give literature the epic quality it deserves, too many writers have been trying to cut the novel down to the size of a psychiatric case history.

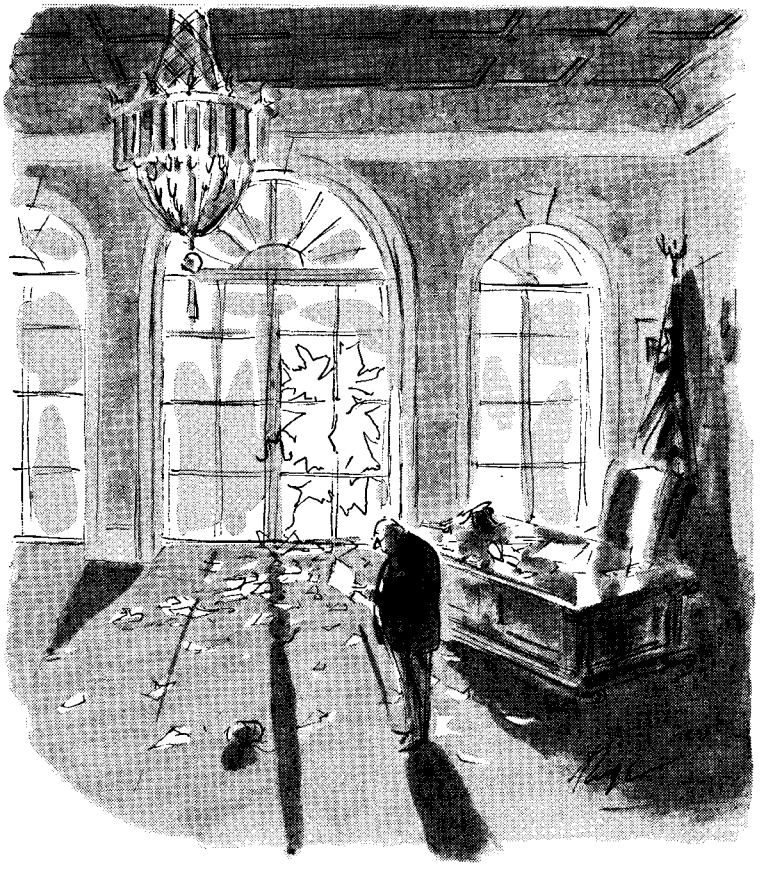
Beyond this is the need for writers who can restore to writing its powerful tradition of leadership in crisis. Most of the great tests in human history have produced great writers who acknowledged a special responsibility to their times. They defined the issues, recognized the values at stake, dramatized the nature of the challenge. In terms of today's needs, the challenge to writers is to see themselves as representatives of the human community. For the central issue facing the world today is not the state of this nation or that nation, but the condition of man. That higher level today needs its champions as never before.

The danger so well described by the philosopher Whitehead—the danger that events might outrun man and leave him a panting and helpless anachronism—is by now much more than a figure of speech. We have leaped centuries ahead in inventing a new world to live in, but as yet we have an inadequate conception of our own part in that world. We have surrounded and confounded ourselves with gaps—gaps between revolutionary science and evolutionary anthropology, between cosmic gadgets and human wisdom, between intellect and conscience. The clash between knowledge and ethics that Henry Thomas Buckle foresaw a century ago is now more than a mere skirmish.

What is it we expect of the writer who is confronted with this sudden, severe upset in the metabolism of history? No single answer can possibly have enough elasticity to be all-inclusive. But we can certainly expect him to reflect the new spirit of the age, which points to the convergence of man. We can expect him to become a herald of world citizenship. We can expect him to narrow the gap between the individual and society. We can expect him to shorten the distance between individual capacity and collective needs.

OUR generation lacks a philosophy of vital participation in the world community. How much emphasis is there on the most important science of all—the science of interrelationships of knowledge—that critical area beyond compartmentalization where knowledge must be integrated in order to have proper meaning? Is there enough of a sense of individual responsibility for group decision? Is the individual equipped to appraise the news and to see beyond the news, to see events against a broad historical flow? For ultimate objectives have suddenly become present imperatives; they will be faced and attained in our time or they may not be attained at all.

These are vaulting responsibilities and the writer cannot be expected to assume the entire burden of human destiny. But at least those responsibilities offer something of a yardstick by which the writer



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can measure his own part and place in the total picture of our time.

Twenty-four hundred years ago, the world knew a Golden Age in which the development of the individual, was considered the first law of life. In Greece, it took the form of the revolution of awareness, the emancipation of the intellect from the limitations of corroding ignorance and mental inactivity. Once again, in our time, there is within the grasp of man another Golden Age—if only he can recognize it and act upon it. And writers can chart the way.

The destination must be world citizenship. And the transcendent goal of writers today is, or should be, to prepare mankind for world citizenship. The world is looking to writers for vital international leadership in creating the form and substance of world law. And it is in the makings of that leadership that the writer who is himself a world citizen can find fullest expression and greatest response.

Yet it is one of the paradoxes of our time that world citizenship, the most important ideal in human history, is going begging. For world citizenship, to paraphrase Victor Hugo, is an ideal whose time has come. The world will become whole or there may be no world at all. Yet ideals do not become translated into working reality just because they are needed. They have to ignite in men's minds. They have to develop explosive force. They have to blast their way through mountains of resistance, tradition, and orthodoxy.

Where do ideals come from? How do they derive this power? How do they become tangible and far-reaching?

The protector, the purveyor—indeed, the germinator and generator—of ideals is the writer. This is his natural business.

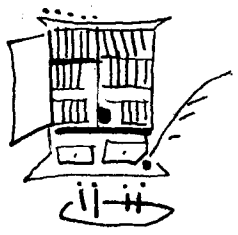
It is as difficult to separate ideals from the writer as it is to separate history from the historians. Milton, Paine, Garibaldi, Hugo, Montesquieu, Jefferson, Hume, Alfieri, Tennyson, Spinoza, Tagore, Iqbal, Confucius, Kagawa, John Stuart Mill—these are only a few writers who caused ideas and ideals to come full size in the re-shaping of history.

But what is perhaps the greatest ideal of all—the ideal of a world under law—a governed human society in which man is free of war — this ideal has yet to find its fullest power and energy. Writers are needed. World citizenship will be impossible without them.

Man today is not safe in the presence of man. The old cannibalism has given way to anonymous action in which the killer and the killed do not know each other, and in which, indeed, the very fact of mass death has the effect of making the killing of many men less reprehensible than the death of a single man.

In short, man has evolved in every respect except his ability to protect himself against human inventiveness. His knowledge is vast but does not embrace the workings of peace. Because he attaches importance to a rounded view of life, he studies history, philosophy, religion, language, literature, art, architecture, political science. Because he is concerned about his well-being he studies anthropology, biology, medicine, psychology. Because he is interested in technical progress, he studies chemistry, physics, engineering, mathematics. But he has yet to make peace basic in his education. The most important subject in the world is hardly taught at all. The basic principles involved in creating a situation of safety, the effective limits of national sovereignty, the fundamental elements that must go into the making of world law—unless these are pursued and understood, nothing else he knows will do him any good. But such knowledge is not now a fixed and essential part of the goals he has set for himself.

The writer whose work reflects this spirit of world citizenship is in a good position to convert human knowledge into human progress.



—*Vic Volk.*

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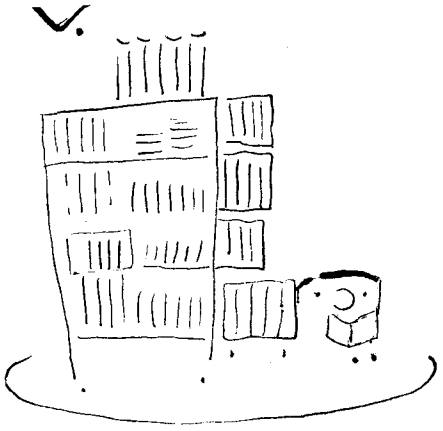
Writer's Mood

Continued from page 16

society where the freedom of man will be the very limited one of consuming what he is manipulated to want.

As you understand, I have no great hopes that this development will take another course either in East or West Europe during the next decades. Neither do I have any belief that it will be possible to destroy the fictions by words. But it might be possible to influence parts of the development, and in some



measure make the increasingly violent struggle of the rich against the poor less bloody for the poor. I am not now talking only of Vietnam, but of what is going to happen when world famine becomes a world catastrophe in the next five to fifteen years. (That is, at the time when the United States and the U.S.S.R. will have lunar camps, and the press of the white world will be praising the final conquest of space by Man in peace and understanding. The starving peasants of the world will, of course, be less impressed by the lunar hobbies of the rich.)

Even if we have to use understatements, as direct statements will be considered wildly satirical and thus become ineffectual, every description of reality that reaches readers undermines the fictions that hold up our societies. In this way, by quietly describing reality, working with conscious—as opposed to the normal, unconscious, and considered as true—fictions we can subversively hold on to our fundamental values of equality. It might even be that one day they will be realized. In that case, if we are alive then, we can feel the slight pride that our society would have been harder to topple had we not helped in rotting the fictional beams it rested upon. In a world of infamy like ours, both the rulers and the conscious writers could possibly agree on one thing: the European writer is a small, subversive white animal letting out words that, like termites, eat away the foundations of Western culture.

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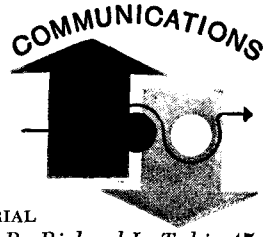
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin **45**

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR **46**

WHAT ARE THE JOURNALISM SCHOOLS TEACHING?
By John Tebbel **48**

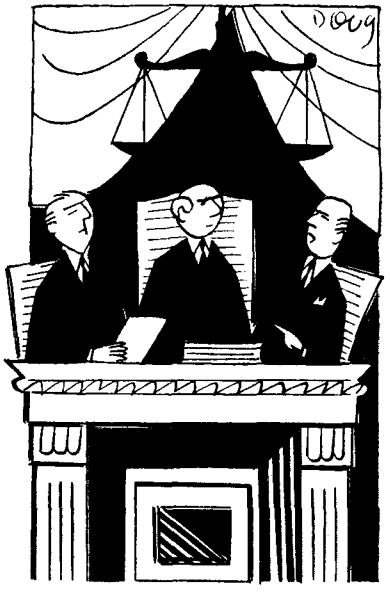
WHY WE NEED A FILM INSTITUTE
By Arthur Knight **50**

THE RACIAL NEWS GAP
By Alfred Balk **53**

AUDIO/VIDEO: UHF BREAKTHROUGH IN CHICAGO?
By Robert Lewis Shayon **55**

PUBLIC RELATIONS: GM AND "HARASSMENT"
By L. L. L. Golden **56**

BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS: THE *Times* IN ACTION
By Alfred Balk **57**



The Only Sensible Way

WE HAVE just been subjected to a paralyzing nationwide airline strike and we cannot know even at this moment of writing whether the long, drawn-out New York newspaper consolidation mess will have been brought to final agreement by the time this issue reaches the newsstands. We have reasoned in this column on previous occasions that when the public is made to suffer in communications strikes there should be some recourse other than a frustrating and often extended period of newsless, phoneless, planeless, damaging vacuums in fundamental communications industries. We have said here before and we insist this is a reasonable stand: that compulsory arbitration is the only thing that makes sense in the public communications field. Otherwise our very democracy may be in peril—and perhaps at a critical hour.

A recent editorial in *The New York Times* condemned the leadership of the International Association of Machinists in taking "an unreasonable and irresponsible stand, deliberately flouting the public interest" when these airline mechanics rejected the generous and flexible terms recommended by the Presidential Emergency Board prior to the airlines strike. But the *Times* made it perfectly clear that the machinists were acting within the law; because the government was powerless, this and many other unions in communications fields were under no compulsion to yield to reason, though their dispute may have paralyzed a large part of America's air freight and passenger traffic, or whatever public service was at stake. Said the *Times*: "There is something wrong with a law that permits either labor or management thus to ignore the public interest . . . President Johnson pledged himself to correct this glaring weakness in his last State of the Union Message. He stated then that he would 'ask the Congress to consider measures which, without improperly invading state and local authority, will enable us to deal effectively with strikes which threaten irreparable damage to the national interest.'" But President Johnson has at this writing taken no discernible step to correct federal law that allows a crippling air strike and other communications breakdowns. Senators Javits of New York and Lausche of Ohio have called for binding arbitration to strengthen the federal government's hand when it deals with essential public services.

The model of compulsory arbitration comes from New Zealand, where even non-communications industrial disputes are governed mainly by provisions of the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act of 1954. The American Arbitration Association reports that the New Zealand Arbitration Act is unpopular at present among union memberships there; and certainly we would be against turning routine industrial disputes over to arbitration courts. Collective bargaining has always been and should remain the keystone for settlement of industrial difficulties in this country, but that is not the problem at the moment. Our problem involves freedom of speech, freedom of movement, public safety, indeed the very fundamentals of democratic communication. Let's suppose that all newspapers in New York are closed down because of strikes, as they have been with disgusting frequency in recent years, and that at the very same hour both the TV and

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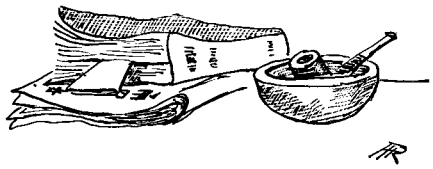
radio networks are threatened by a key minority union while the subway, airlines, bus, and railroads are also struck. It is mathematically possible that the entire population of the greatest city in this country would for a time be without much if any communication with the outside world and, in the event of crisis, be totally uninformed and impotent.

An arbitration court in New Zealand is a court of record and consists of three members, one of whom is designated as the judge. The other two members are lay persons, one of whom is appointed on the recommendation of the employers and the other on the recommendation of unions. If the lay members present are divided in opinion, the decision of the judge becomes the decision of the court. The arbitration court is peripatetic and sits in all the principal cities of New Zealand. The proceedings are invariably conducted in public, except when national defense secrets may be divulged. There is no right of appeal against the court's decision, provided it



does not act in excess of its jurisdiction. Every effort is made to bring about a settlement before the opposing parties are brought to the court of arbitration, where conciliation is compulsory. Production and public service go on, meanwhile, and the public is not made to suffer because its interests lie between two lines of fire.

What industries and services should be involved in compulsory arbitration in the United States? At a minimum, we believe, any form of public transportation including railroads, airlines, buses, subway and trolley systems; all radio and television broadcasting involving news in any form; all newspapers and news magazines whether local or interstate; all telephone, telegraph, power, or signal systems; and, finally, any public service involving the local, state, or national governments. Men and women working in these fields should have and undoubtedly would have the best possible representation before a court of compulsory arbitration and their arguments would be given the fairest possible hearing and airing before the public. It seems unlikely that the American tradition for fair play would not create an equitable climate for both employer and employee, while at the same time guaranteeing that the American public would not suffer outrageously as it has suffered in the past year from a growing contagion of newspaper, railroad, civic transportation, electronic, and airline strikes and stoppages. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Canons Right and Left

IF YOUR INTEREST in the *like* for *as* affair is not exhausted, let me cite Peter Mitchell Wilson's *Southern Exposure*, published by the University of North Carolina Press in 1927. Wilson recalls being one of a group in Winston-Salem in 1916 awaiting news of the election. When he remarked that there were not yet sufficient returns from the West to make Woodrow Wilson's defeat certain, a friend "put his hand on my arm and said, 'Mr. Peter, you are talking like you hope, not like you think.'" The friend, of course, was the original R. J. Reynolds, whose company manufactures Winston cigarettes.

G. S. T. CAVANAGH.

Durham, N.C.

IN THE WHOLE INCREDIBLE uproar over *like*, what bothers me is that nobody ever gets to the point. To wit: Why? Why the sound and the fury?

John Ciardi once devoted his MANNER OF SPEAKING entirely to this horrendous usage. His kids, he said, could swear all they liked, but never never never should they use *like* as a conjunction. But he didn't say why. *Like* is a good strong word with appealing connotations. *As* is a nothing-word that merely holds things together. A writer's agonized efforts to avoid *like* are most neatly categorized by Theodore Bernstein: They sound as hell. But what's worse is there's no reason for the proscription—no logical basis whatever.

The beauty of a language doesn't lie in *rules*, for heaven's sake!

RUTH GOOD,
Medical editor-writer,
University Hospital,
The University of Michigan.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A POETIC NOTE in support of *like* and *as*.

Like as how
There'll always be
Errors galore
Grammatically—

Like what difference
Does it matter
Like as long as
It gets no badder.

Like as how
It could be worse;
Like for example
As this verse!

CAROLYN P. DUBOSE.

Arlington, Va.

ON THE CURRENT vital issue of *as* vs. *like*, why doesn't someone come to the rescue of one adjective?

Once, a person (probably a woman) trying for the superior pose felt "badly." For some indefensible reason, the adverb caught on and even erstwhile sincere scholars conformed. Now it has achieved the status of fear, so that no one can feel bad about anything in company.

If you do "feel badly" as you say,
Then just learn how to paw.
But if you mean to describe a mood,
Why not "feel goodly" too?

ALICE PHELPS.

New York, N.Y.

THE LETTERS SECTION is always interesting, but in the issue of July 9—with *like* as the *pièce de résistance*—it was intriguing. I should like to see some readers (and correspondents) give *only* the same informative treatment.

Examples: She is only going to the post office (not staying there) (not coming back). What the speaker means to convey, of course, is that she is going only to the post office and nowhere else.

He only ate one sandwich (didn't fix it) (didn't drink it). The information proffered, of course, is that he ate one sandwich, no more.

J. EUGENE BROWN.

Spartanburg, S.C.

WILL YOU-ALL who are trying to clean up the American language please do something about the puzzling (to me) use of the little word "too," like as:

"Grandpa is not going out of the house today; he is not feeling too good." Where would Grandpa be going or what would he be doing if he were feeling too good?

"The new girl doesn't type too well, but she will get along all right." What does that mean? Would she get fired if she typed too well? How well is too well, boss? You make me nervous, talking like you do.

RUBY E. BARKER.

San Antonio, Tex.

I AM OVERWHELMED with relief that Winifred H. Johnstone has given up insisting on a singular verb after *none* [*SR*, July 9]. She can now enjoy the greater richness of the language in the knowledge that grammars, dictionaries, polite conversation, and intuition recognize the fact that *none* means not only *not one* but *not any*. Incidentally, how do you like the new radio commercial for V-8 Juice, which says with I hope calculated incorrectness—"It sure doesn't taste *as* tomato juice!"?

A. THOMAS VELTRE.

West Caldwell, N.J.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW, whenever I've heard some little child chirping the Winston jingle, I've taught him new words to the old tune—"Winston tastes awful, like a vulcanized waffle"—thus serving three worthy causes: the English language, public health, and my own gratification in protecting a

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word which is already overworked as verb, noun, adjective, and preposition.

LILLIAN LARRE.

Reno, Nev.

A LETTER WRITER complained in this column of July 9, that signs reading "Drive Slow" are wrong and should read "Drive Slowly." *A Dictionary of Usage and Style*, by Roy H. Copperud, contains the following entry:

"Slow, slowly. *Slow* is equally an adverb and an adjective, so that *go slow* is just as correct as *go slowly*. An Englishman was outraged by a road sign that read 'Drive Slow.' Reacting violently and misguidedly, as people often do when their linguistic prejudices are crossed, he knocked it over. When he was hailed before a magistrate for damaging public property, he pleaded that the sign was ungrammatical—it should have read 'Drive Slowly.' As it happened, the magistrate was enough of a scholar to be able to show him he was all wrong and had the additional pleasure of fining him."

Drive slow is specifically approved in *A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*, by Bergen and Cornelia Evans; *Fowler's Modern English Usage*, as revised by Sir Ernest Gowers; and *A Dictionary of American-English Usage*, by Margaret Nicholson.

MARY E. LAVELY.

Altadena, Calif.

I REFER YOU to readers' comments [*SR*, July 9] about "Drive Slow." "Drive slow" means "Drive at a slow rate of speed." You had better "Drive slow," because if you "Drive slowly"—i.e. make your driving movements slowly, such as turning the eyes, turning the steering wheel, reaching with the foot for the brake—you may be in a smashing collision before you know it. "Slow" describes (adjective) the speed of the car movement, not the manner (adverb) in which you do the driving. The highway signs are correct.

ISHAM P. BYROM, JR.

Nashville, Tenn.

WHAT IS THIS NONSENSE about "Drive Slow" being ungrammatical? Forty years ago Fowler deplored "the growing notion that every monosyllabic adjective, if an adverb is to be made of it, must have an *-ly* clapped on it . . ." Of *slow*, he wrote specifically: "In spite of the encroachments of *-ly*, *slow* maintains itself at least as an idiomatic possibility . . . how *slow* he climbs!, please read very *slow*, my watch goes *slow*, sing as *slow* as you can."

ALBERT L. ABBOTT.

Detroit, Mich.

READING Barbara Gibbons's letter spurs me to reinforce her remarks on the subject of Connecticut roadsigns. There was, until recently, a sign near us that said "Do not HILL coast" but I believe it was changed to a brief statement HILL. The old sign invariably made me want to start a Hill Coasting Club. It sounds like summer skiing.

We Connecticut residents also exhibit a solicitous interest in retarded children (or is it merely a delightful warning about stubborn little pre-schoolers who turn a deaf ear to mother's call?) What do *you* make of "Slow Children Playing"?

BARBARA H. LORD.

Terryville, Conn.

DEPARTMENTS OF HIGHWAY and Safety are not saving material and labor at the cost of losing their grammatical purity. "Slow" as well as "slowly" is acceptable as an adverb. I, too, was once a grammatical purist.

Sister M. ROSELYN FEINSTEIN,
Department of English,
Mercy College of Detroit.

Detroit, Mich.

STONES, STONES! Eugene E. Hebert, who "enjoyed more than one chuckle" reading the letters in the June 11 *SR*, would have done well to reread his *own* letter [*SR*, July 9] before mailing it.

1. . . . "letters printed in the June 11 issue of *SR* that your readers felt inclined to dispatch . . ." Are readers now dispatching *SR*?

2. . . . "why she feels the need to lard up her sentences . . ." Would "to lard her sentences" serve?

3. . . . "And I wonder how one could consider car ads printed in any other publication if one was considering . . ." If one *were* considering, perhaps?

Oh, dear.

SAREEN RUTH GERSON,
News Editor,
The Fence Viewer,
Minute-Man Publications.

Lexington, Mass.

JUST AS Eugene E. Hebert enjoyed your commentary on the misuse of the word *like*, I enjoyed Mr. Hebert's commentary. I was, however, confused. Mr. Hebert wrote: "I also enjoyed more than one chuckle while reading some of the letters printed in the June 11 *SR* . . ." The most vital question is whether Mr. Hebert enjoyed "the more than one chuckle" or whether he enjoyed the letters. He stated he "enjoyed more than one chuckle." How many chuckles did he *really* enjoy? We know only that he enjoyed "more than one."

ANN HATHAWAY SELTZER.

Terre Haute, Ind.

ALL WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE for the extension of literacy through our mass media enjoy a privilege along with which there is incurred a grave responsibility. To be in error, to be less than perfect, is human. To perpetrate ignorance, to cultivate flagrant abuse of the language for reasons of self-interest, is something less defensible. Our educable young people need not be demoralized at every turn.

EDNA M. FISHER.

Kendall, Fla.

IT WOULD APPEAR SUSPECT that some of your readers believe illiteracy to be synonymous with any improper usage of the English language. How many of these same readers would classify Faulkner, Joyce, Ionesco, Kazantzakis, etc., as illiterati—as they so readily do the Madison Avenue admen? Apparently these people are in gross ignorance as to the dictates of advertising, which frequently require certain idiomatic identifications that more pedantic copy could never establish.

Advertising wields a language all its own and the twist of a phrase at the expense of correct grammar is ofttimes the persuasive determinant in sales volume. If we're going to be offended let's make sure it's about something really offensive. I'd prefer a good laugh over the inanities of commercial selling any day to a possible case of lung cancer.

C. WHITING.

Azusa, Calif.

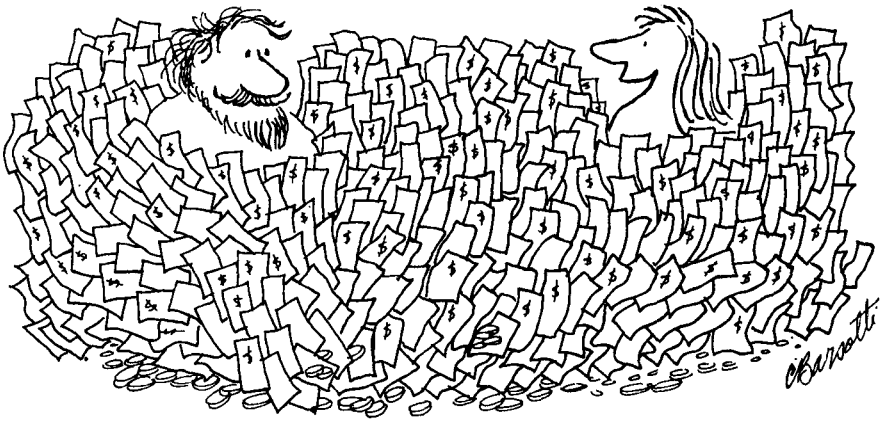
TV By Cable

ALBERT WARREN'S article on CATV, "The Coming Cable TV War," [*SR*, June 11] was excellent but baffling. In remote areas payment to have one or two channels available is understandable; but that any adult in his right mind, in a metropolitan area, would pay good money ($5 a month yet!) to have more or clearer TV channels is beyond comprehension.

TV as an entertainment medium has sunk so low (at least in the opinion of my circle of friends in the Minneapolis metropolitan area) that the adults in the family are too fed up with the "idiot tube" to watch any but extra special events, and only the juvenile mind seems to be able to tolerate the regular inanities.

The article discusses some reasons why the big networks are opposing CATV. I wonder if the really *big* reason was left out? What if the CATV operator in relaying the network program, and by electronics or monitoring, were to cut out the repulsive, hard-sell advertising and substitute spot news or music, or, hopefully, heavenly si-

(*Continued on page* 58)



"Still feel bad about selling out?"

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What Are the Journalism Schools Teaching?

By JOHN TEBBEL

IN THE continuing debate over what the nation's journalism schools are or ought to be doing, one of the most hotly contested points is to what extent communication research is slowly taking over education in journalism. Leading newspaper executives are increasingly concerned over the recent trend as they foresee a worsening shortage of able recruits at a time when they are needed most.

Some light has been shed into this murky corner as the result of a display of catalogues and bulletins from eighty-one schools and departments of journalism, arranged for an exhibition last spring in the library of the Department of Journalism at New York University by a senior honors student, Mrs. Jodie Randall. When this display was finally gathered in one place, it was an impressive cross-section of journalism education's hopes and promises, and at once suggested itself as the raw material for an analysis of what was actually being taught.

Of 150 schools asked to send their offerings (that would include most institutions of higher learning with journalism curricula), the eighty-one that responded included nearly all the major universities, a representation of the smaller colleges, and a cross-section of those in between. No part of the country was neglected. By the conventional standards of communication research methodology, the analysis of these catalogues would be considered primitive. It consisted of reading them thoroughly, dividing the courses into appropriate categories, and counting. But the results are accurate, they have been checked and rechecked, and it is difficult to see how they would be changed by any more sophisticated analysis. (I have no doubt, however, that I will soon be told how this is possible by any number of communications experts.)

In one respect, the defenders of the status quo are proved right by this study. One of the charges has been that the long-sacred division of 75 per cent liberal arts and 25 per cent journalism in undergraduate journalism majors is under pressure from the liberal arts academicians to be pared down to 15 per cent journalism. That may be so, but the moment of success is not at hand. Journalism requirements in the eighty-one schools analyzed range from a low of about 20 per cent to a high of about 30 per cent, with most schools falling somewhere in the middle. The formula remains relatively intact.

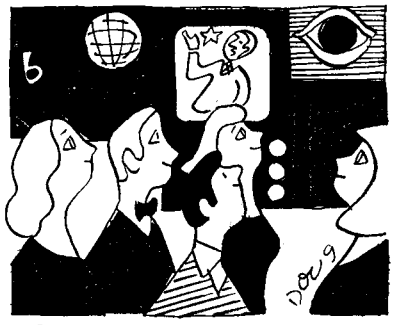
Moreover, professional training is still the ruling principle. The average undergraduate journalism program consists of an introductory course in the mass media; newswriting and copy-editing courses; a course in the history of journalism; and perhaps one in journalism, government, and the law. The student then chooses a specialization from courses in news-editorial, magazine work, public relations, advertising—and in the larger schools – radio-television-film (in a variety of segmentations), newspaper management, the community newspaper, industrial publications, photo-journalism, graphics, and so on, depending on the size and focus of the school or department.

ONE of the most constructive things journalism schools do is to offer combined programs of journalism and teacher education for prospective high school instructors. Every teacher who finds himself charged with responsibility for the school paper or yearbook has reason to be thankful for these courses. They are also useful in recruiting journalism students for college. No one can estimate how many promising journalists have been diverted from the profession by high school advisers who not only have no training or interest in journalism, but are actively hostile to the media. [See "Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?" *SR*, Jan. 8.] Not a few of these people are teaching high school journalism classes.

The Newspaper Fund, Incorporated, that valuable philanthropic arm of the *Wall Street Journal*, has done much to encourage journalism training for high school teachers, and these efforts, combined with the initiative of many schools, have produced significant results. More than half of the schools in our study (66.5 per cent) offer journalism courses for high school teachers.

On the surface, then, the present condition of undergraduate journalism education is not as bad as it might be, nor in such lamentable shape as a few of its critics have charged. But there are dangerous, perhaps fatal, flaws below the surface, at least from the standpoint of those advocating professional training. Quantitative analysis, for example, demonstrates nothing about quality, which cannot be measured except by subjective opinion. It may be consoling to reflect that the quality of journalism education is no lower than it is in several other disciplines one could name, but that does not obviate the need for improvement.

More important are two other considerations. One is the question of



whether communications research is making any inroads into the professional orientation of the undergraduate schools, a proposition often denied. Our analysis shows that it has a heavy foot in the door. Already a course in mass communications and society is offered by 62 per cent of the eighty-one schools, and one in public opinion and propaganda is given in 37 per cent. In addition to these quasi-sociological courses, which draw a thin veil of academic respectability over the ugly features of the professional curriculum, 27 per cent of the schools studied offer courses in communications research to advanced undergraduates.

The undergraduate programs most heavily infiltrated by the communicologists are those at Boston University's School of Public Communication, the College of Communication Arts at Michigan State, and Stanford University's Department of Communication. The basic philosophy of this approach is embodied most succinctly in the Boston program, which requires of its students four "Fundamentals of Communication" courses during the freshman and sophomore years. These are courses in research, journalism, public relations, and radio-television-film – designed, so the bulletin says, to "enable students to test their interests and to establish an informed basis for their choice of specialization during their junior and senior years." But in their junior and senior years, students are also required to take four "core" courses, which will "provide a central emphasis on general education in its special application to the field

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of communication"—again, non-professional work, as course titles like "Attitude and Media Research Methods" indicate.

Michigan State has gone even further by offering a full undergraduate major in communication research, for "more scholarly students," along with the conventional sequences in speech, journalism, advertising, and television and radio. "As professional training," says the bulletin, "communications study equips the student to fill increasing demands for communication specialists in the public media, in government, education, industry, and agriculture"—everywhere, one might add, except the editorial rooms of newspapers and magazines, and the news departments of radio and television stations, where the work is to report on our complicated world.

In the Michigan State program may be seen the outlines of future undergraduate journalism education, if present trends continue. Its course offerings in the communications sequence are divided into eleven categories: the communication process, effects of communication, advanced group discussion and leadership, language and communication, the sociology of mass communication, senior seminar, senior thesis, communication design, psychology of communication and persuasion, public opinion and propaganda, and communication and change.

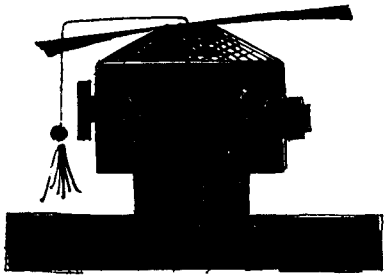
SOMEWHAT the same design is offered at Stanford, where undergraduates may get a bachelor of arts degree in either journalism or broadcasting and film, but where superior communication majors may also elect one of three interdisciplinary honors programs—one in quantitative methods, another in the humanities, and a third in social thought and institutions.

Obviously, the makers of these curricula do not believe that it is as important for students to learn how to convey what is going on in the world, as it is to interpret sociologically and psychologically what is being conveyed. Implicitly, there is also a distinct leaning toward the McLuhanite notion that the print media are on the way to extinction, with its oddly Victorian endorsement of "progress."

The second consideration that makes the surface of journalism education today other than what it seems is the more or less constant pressure in many administrations to move journalism onto the graduate level. This is a fiercely debated point among J-school educators, some contending that if journalism education were entirely graduate, it would eliminate all those who could not afford to go to graduate school, and out of these ranks have come a substantial proportion of the best graduates. Others argue that the amount of liberal arts knowledge a journalist ought to master, and on which his professional training should rest, is now so great that it requires all the hours available to him in his undergraduate curriculum.

Our analysis of curricula could not, of course, measure this trend toward graduate work, but there is no doubt it exists. The speed of its forward movement depends on the general progress of curriculum reform in the colleges themselves, which ordinarily is glacial but may well be greatly speeded up now by the swiftness of change in our society. There is little doubt, however, that the time will come when, right or wrong, education for journalism except in its strictly liberal arts aspects will be entirely on the graduate level, with possibly a few holdouts in the smaller colleges.

What is the prospect for graduate journalism students, then? Primarily, few of them will be able to pursue journalism in the professional sense because graduate work is already heavily involved in communications, and likely to be exclusively so in the future. Of thirty-four graduate school programs analyzed, twenty offer advanced degrees in com-



munication research. All thirty-four award either Master of Arts or Master of Science degrees. Only thirteen offer master's degrees in professional work, however, while sixteen have a master's program in communication research, and eight others combine professional courses with communication research in various ways. There is some overlapping because several schools have more than one type of program leading to the master's degree. Another variation is the interdepartmental master's degree in American Civilization, with a journalism option, of the kind presently offered by New York University.

The three schools most strongly oriented to communications – Stanford, Boston and Michigan State—do offer separate degrees in professional work and in communication research, but the professional degree requirements include courses in communication research, and all three schools are much better known for their work in that area. Stanford, for example, under the direction of Dr. Wilbur Schramm, a pioneer and outstanding leader in this field, is internationally recognized for its communications work.

For those who may still wonder what it is that mass communications study purports to do, its intent is well set forth in the graduate school bulletin of the University of Indiana: "The program in mass communications stresses the application of behavioral science research and theory to communication processes. Students receive thorough training in the theories, research methods, and empirically derived principles of communications processes in the several disciplines. Mass media, persuasive communications, informational communications, esthetic communications, or international communications may be elected for concentration." Everything clear now?

THERE are some fascinating variations in the graduate school pattern. The University of Illinois offers a strictly professional Master of Television degree "for persons who expect to go into the nonengineering areas of television," and also lists communication research degrees in advertising, journalism, and radio and television. Both Missouri and Kansas are sitting on the fence, with combined professional-communications programs for the master's degree. (Missouri still has to its credit the valuable professional undergraduate training provided by its ownership of a town newspaper.)

The Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University remains the bulwark of professionalism among the graduate schools. Its bulletin asserts that "neither the 'trade school' nor the 'communicology' approach dominates the school's activities," but in practice the curriculum obviously is intended to produce active journalists rather than researchers, scholarly or otherwise. Its technical courses are supplemented by its much-emulated basic issues program, drawing on authorities from other faculties of the university to provide in-depth background; and by such special programs as one for young foreign journalists who plan to work in their homelands, and specialized training such as economics and foreign affairs reporting.

But even this last outpost of print media professionalism, whose roster of graduates reads like a *Who's Who* in the field, has let its gates swing ajar. Twenty years ago it was still resisting the electronic media, but it has since developed a strong television program, which promises to be stronger. Even ten years ago, it was highly resistant to the rising tide of communicology, then just beginning to flow, but now it has an opinion-reporting workshop involving communication research, and one of its fellowship programs is "writing in the behavioral sciences," an endeavor whose

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graduates will find much to do in enabling the behavioral scientists to communicate with a larger audience than each other.

Another holdout from the communicology approach to journalism education is the University of Oklahoma, where not a single communication research course has crept into the Master of Arts program, although three members of the graduate faculty hold doctorates. At the opposite end of this scale, Stanford lists nineteen courses in communication research primarily for graduate students.

When it comes to doctoral programs, mass communications has taken its firmest hold. Of the fourteen analyzed in our study (and that is nearly all of these programs extant), twelve are in mass communications research. No one is likely to quarrel with this situation, since a Ph.D. in professional journalism work is difficult to justify (particularly difficult for a graduate applying for a job in a city room). Nevertheless, the University of Southern Illinois has a professionally oriented doctoral program, and Missouri, consistent to the end, has a combined professional-communication program leading to the Ph.D.

MOST doctoral programs are interdepartmental, usually combining communication research with courses in the behavioral sciences. A typical Ph.D. curriculum would include courses in communication theory, methodology, statistics, experimental psychology, social psychology and personality, sociology, and (as at Stanford) such specialties as "Organizational Processes and Task Performance," "Advanced Perception," "Principles of Behavioral Modification," and "Seminar in Interpersonal Processes," along with courses in philosophy, anthropology, and political science.

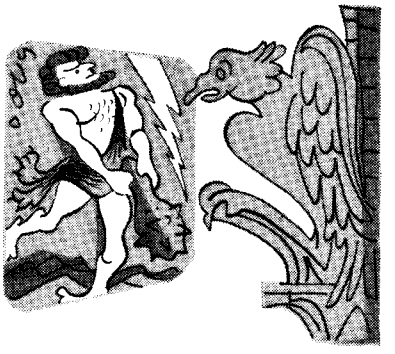
A good many contentious conclusions could be drawn from our analysis of eighty-one journalism curricula, and no doubt they will be. But one comes away from studying these catalogues with the feeling that the image of the future is contained in Michigan State's bulletin, by far the handsomest of the lot, which must have been designed and laid out (although not written) by some old-fashioned professional.

Such bulletins once contained only pictures of buildings, or of the school's newsroom, or photo lab, or even portraits of eminent journalists on the faculty. Michigan State's, however, has a full-page photograph of "the university's large-scale digital computer, the CDC3600 . . . used to solve complex communication research problems."

Old CDC3600 may be the gravestone (properly programed, of course) rising above the corpse of professional journalism education.

Why We Need a Film Institute

By ARTHUR KNIGHT



PRAGUE.

EVER since last fall, when President Johnson announced governmental support for an American Film Institute, there has been considerable speculation in film circles as to what form such an institute should take.

Do we need another film school? Many feel that our motion picture industry does not begin to absorb even now all the qualified graduates from the several universities that are currently offering film courses. Do we need another museum? And if so, where has the Museum of Modern Art, with its library, its circulating exhibitions, and its daily film showings, failed? Or if the institute is to be purely archival, what about the Library of Congress, which has been quietly stockpiling prints of American pictures since almost the very birth of the medium? Indeed, there are those who have been asking if we actually need an American Film Institute.

To find answers to these and other questions, some months ago the National Council on the Arts granted $92,000 to Stanford University for an intensive investigation of needs and facilities in the United States, and of similar institutions abroad. The Stanford report will be completed in November. In the meantime, finding myself in Europe, and in several countries that have long supported film institutes of their own, I did a little investigating.

Unlike Stanford's investigators, I was far less interested in the physical organization of the British Film Institute, the Cinémathèque Française, or the relatively new Czechoslovakian Film Institute, than in their actual accomplishments. Both the Cinémathèque and the British Film Institute have been in existence for well over thirty years, and have grown from purely local phenomena into world-renowned, and world-respected, institutions. And both have been intimately connected with the resurgence of film-making in their own countries. B.F.I., through its Experimental Film Fund, gave such eminent directors as Tony Richardson, Karel Reisz, and Lindsay Anderson their first opportunities to make pictures.

When, in Paris, I asked the gifted young director, Claude Chabrol, if he had ever been to a film school. He promptly replied, "Yes, the Cinémathèque Française." For him—and for a whole generation of French film-makers—the intensive screenings at the Cinémathèque (three changes of program daily in each of its two auditoriums) have been the only film teachers they have either had or wanted. Jean-Luc Godard, it is said, has so steeped himself in the Cinémathèque's vast collection that he can time himself precisely to catch just the specific scene in a film he wants to see again.

BUT while both the Cinémathèque and the British Film Institute pride themselves on the ever-growing number of young men who, made drunk by their screenings, have gone on to win considerable reputations on their own, neither institution has accepted film teaching *per se* as its responsibility. Stanley Reed, the director of B.F.I., says, "We would prefer to be in the position of influencing all British film schools, rather than be caught up in the business of operating just one." And Henri Langlois, the rubicund director and founder of the Cinémathèque, believes, "Film-making cannot be taught. The important thing is that one begin to see in a filmic way. Once a man begins to see how the camera sees, then perhaps he can become a director."

For Langlois, the daily screenings amount to a passion. As we walked into the historic Palais de Chaillot, the two lower floors of which now house the Cinémathèque's handsome Lumière exhibit and its 400-seat auditorium, he handed me a program for the coming week. I counted thirty-nine films scheduled, of which almost half were American; they ranged from established classics such as *The End of St. Petersburg* and Flaherty's *Man of Aran* to an Italian *Hercules* and one of our own *Charlie Chan's*.

"An archive can not consist solely

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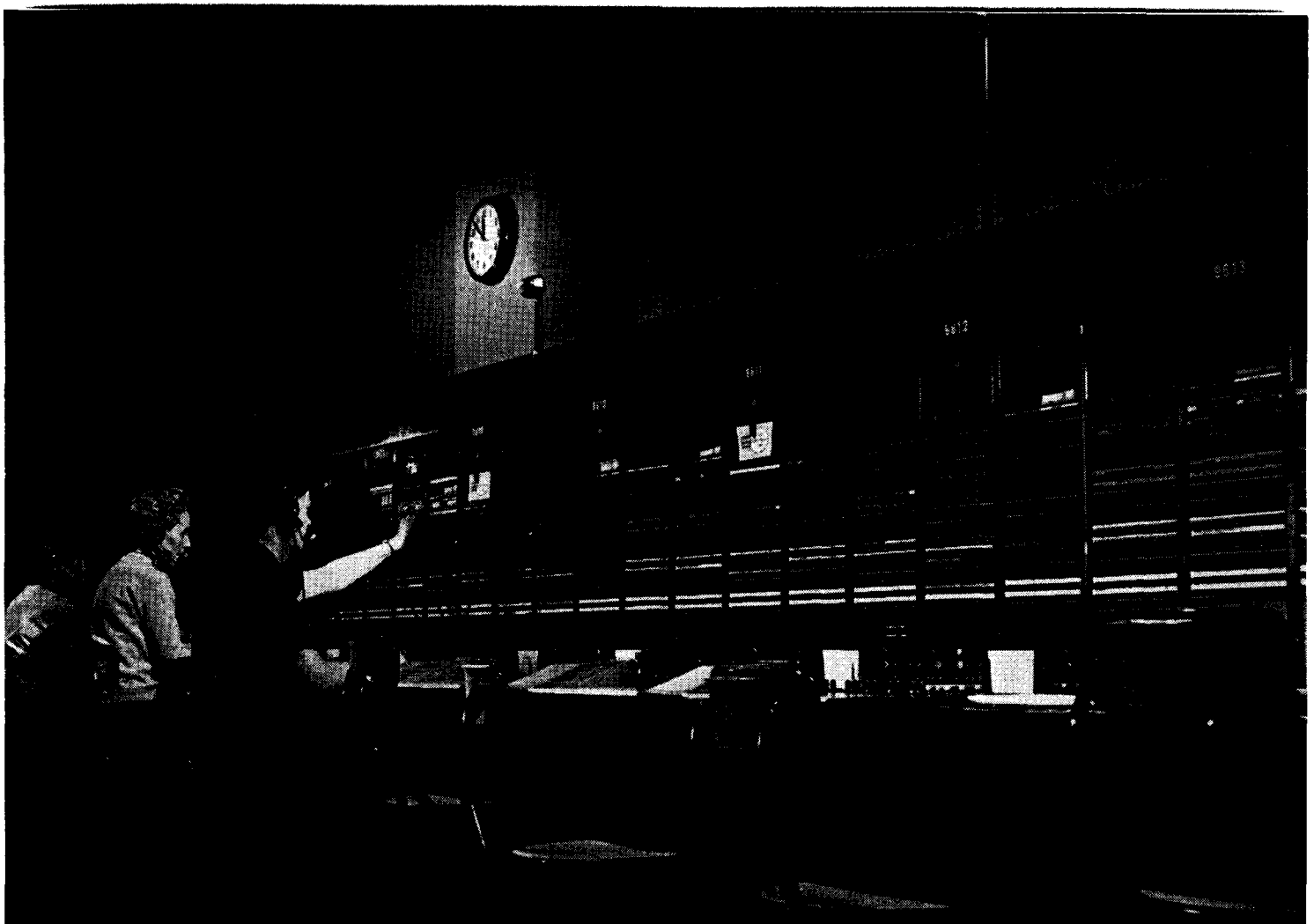

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of masterpieces," Langlois whispered as we watched the opening reel of *Hercule á la Conquête de l'Atlantide*. "First, one never knows for sure which film will become a masterpiece. And second"—he shrugged toward the fifty or so people watching Hercules toss bear-skinned soldiers about—"there is always an audience even for this. And, *malheureusement*, there are more people here now than when we showed for the first time the complete version of King Vidor's *An American Romance, inédit*. One can't make programs only for the film students."

Langlois feels that one of the shortcomings of New York's Museum of Modern Art has been its tendency to preserve masterpieces only, and a general disregard for the run-of-the-mill American picture that so many Europeans now find irresistible. When I protested that over the years the Film Library had, quite literally, saved for posterity such classics as *Greed* and *Moana*, Langlois replied, "Yes, but what about the pictures that were not saved? Where is *The Patriot*, by Lubitsch, and von Sternberg's *The Case of Lena Smith*? You must save *everything*!"

For Langlois, saving means showing—and in a curious way, he is right. Film that is left to stand in a vault deteriorates; its life is actually prolonged by being exposed occasionally to the air, and to the white heat of a projector. At the same time, each showing of a print for which there is no negative involves a very real risk: The film might easily be torn or scratched as it passes through the machine.

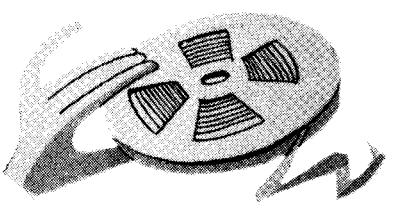
While Langlois displays his collection with what many feel is reckless abandon, Ernest Lindgren, for thirty-two years the archivist of the British Film Institute, follows a policy of utter conservatism. No film in his collection can be screened unless and until it has been backed up by a negative. He has worked out an elaborate system of chemical tests that reveal when print deterioration is setting in and has established a rigid priority setup for the creation of duplicate negatives when the danger point has been reached. Inevitably, this means that some films die without ever again seeing the light of a projector. (Processing costs are high and, like most public institutions, the B.F.I. suffers from a chronic shortage of funds.) As archivist, however, Lindgren is primarily concerned with the preservation of film as an art form, and as a record of contemporary history. Nowhere in the world have the problems of film preservation received more attention than at the B.F.I.

But film preservation alone, at least to my mind, is somewhat sterile. Our own Library of Congress, which under copyright law is entitled to prints of every film ever made and copyrighted in the United States, has built up a vast collection of pictures. But try to see them! It is easier—or, certainly, no more difficult—to view the sex collection at the Kinsey Institute! For in the United States, where the art of the film originated, the movies also became an affluent industry, and the industry side has always jealously guarded its rights to exhibition.

It is not enough for the Museum of Modern Art, for example, to maintain that its showing of an early Metro picture in its 500-seat auditorium is educational, and that no admission is levied (apart from the admission to the entire building). M-G-M can well point out that 500 people in the museum's auditorium means that there will be 500 fewer patrons to attend the new Metro picture that is showing commercially down the street. Also—and thanks largely to the Museum's long-established circulating-films program—the distribution of 16 mm. prints has in recent years grown into a fairly profitable enterprise. As a result, titles are constantly being withdrawn from the museum by the major companies and turned over to firms such as Films, Inc., and Ideal Pictures for commercial exploitation.

Perhaps one should not complain about the source, just as long as the films remain available. Unfortunately, in an artistic sense, even this is not true. The Museum of Modern Art, by its very nature, is concerned with preserving and presenting films as well as possible, but the commercial distributor is in business to make money. Color films are offered in black and white, wide-screen films are reframed for standard aperture, and increasingly the prints are coming through as processed for television, the original contrasts of black and white neutralized to a uniform gray. To be sure, the titles are there in greater abundance than ever, but one can scarcely expect a new generation of film students to wax enthusiastic over movies whose visual qualities have been all but obliterated by slipshod, fast-buck processing.

And, as both the Cinémathèque and the British Film Institute have emphasized, it is for this new generation that they exist. "Our aim is to expose every child in Britain to the film classics of the world," Stanley Reed stated in his London office. Such an aim could well become part of the American Film Institute's objectives—with one eye kept on supervising print quality as well. But in the United States, even more is needed. Directors like Stanley Kubrick and Sidney Lumet have often spoken of their own apprenticeships in the basement auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art; but more and more of our present-day film-makers come to the medium from theater and television. They know little about film technique, even less about America's film tradition. Hollywood needs the equivalent of a Cinémathèque or of London's wide-ranging National Film Theatre right on its own doorstep. With two of the country's leading film schools, U.C.L.A. and U.S.C., also located in Los Angeles, it could be a stimulus both to the present and to future generations of film-makers.



In this country, culture is not concentrated in a single city. New York, Washington, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, as well as Los Angeles, have film interests, and film needs. In September, New York again will play host to another international film festival. San Francisco will have one around Thanksgiving. The Los Angeles County Museum of Art is currently struggling to establish still another under its own aegis this fall. Could not an American Film Institute, without actually getting into the business of distribution, arrange to circulate these festivals among the civic centers of other communities that are beginning to recognize film as an important part of our cultural life? And could not these be supplemented by additional programs, perhaps drawn from the Library of Congress collection, that would emphasize the specific cultural contributions of America's film-makers?

In Czechoslovakia, I learned from Dr. Zvonicek, the director of the Czech Film Institute, that his organization has been in business for only three years, but already it boasts one of the largest film archives in Europe. It also is preparing a four-volume history on the Czech cinema, sets up film conferences and symposia all over the country, and supervises a growing film-society movement that already counts more than 50,000 members, although its specific function is to service the nationally supported Czech Film School, established in 1946. The other day, I asked a young student from that school if the institute set up regular showings of films from its archives for students to attend. He looked a bit bewildered. Finally, after he understood my question, he said, "No. The students themselves select what films they want to see."

To my mind, on the day when films—all films—become as available to students, professionals, and the interested public as books in a library, the American Film Institute, in whatever form it may take, will have amply justified its existence.

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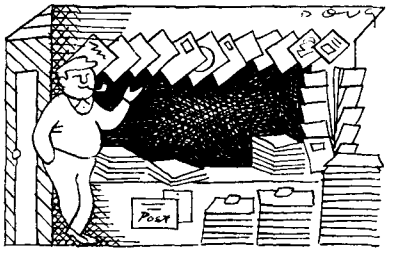
THE RACIAL NEWS GAP



By ALFRED BALK

IN AUTUMN of 1962, I was assigned by the *Saturday Evening Post* to collaborate with writer Alex Haley on the first thorough national magazine report on the Black Muslims. Haley, a Negro already acquainted with Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X through earlier assignments, was to obtain information from inside the movement; I was to report from outside, including interviews with civic and law enforcement officials and civil rights leaders.

The Muslims first had been given national publicity on a Mike Wallace TV show in 1959. A barrage of newspaper and wire-service stories followed, some of them singularly sensational in tone. The Muslim organization, for example, was reported to have 100,000 to 250,000 members (the latter estimate apparently based on the book, *The Black Muslims in America*, by Dr. C. Eric Lincoln); it was said to be so well-heeled financially that an announced multi-million-dollar "Islamic Center" soon would be built in Chicago; and attendance at rallies in major auditoriums in large cities was reported to be as high as 10,000—and in no case a flop. There also were ominous reports of group's allegedly drilling and arming themselves for violence.

When Haley and I began traveling to check on the organization, however, we discovered the facts to be remarkably at variance with published reports. First, local and federal law enforcement agencies, some of which had infiltrated the Muslims and all of which kept close watch on them, put the Muslims' membership at a maximum of 7,000 persons. No more than 50,000 others, we were told, might be regarded even as close and consistent sympathizers. New York City, instead of having the 7,000 members frequently attributed to it, was thought to have fewer than 1,000; Detroit, instead of a reported 15,000 members, had 400; Chicago had some 600 members; Los Angeles, fewer than 400; and Atlanta, described in one published report as "the fastest-growing Black Muslim center in the South," had a mere fifty members. Anyone who doubted these figures need only have observed the modest numbers of persons straggling to Black Muslim "mosques" for temple services—which, under the sect's strict behavior code, were mandatory.

As for the organization's supposed affluence, most members were of lower economic echelons. The Chicago "Islamic" center of which Muhammad so grandiosely spoke had not had its ground-breaking (it still hasn't). Moreover, a check of tax records in Chicago showed the Muslims to be delinquent in payments on at least one property.

Although the Muslims did attract 10,000 persons to a rally in New York City during the first wave of national publicity about the movement, crowds since then had declined. Attendance statistics habitually had been inflated as much as two-fold. At a rally I attended with other newsmen in Philadelphia, the announced attendance was 8,000; the actual total, some 5,000. The stories also failed to note that one-third to half of such crowds were a portable nucleus of out-of-town members and friends who arrived in fleets of chartered buses, and that before the end of Muhammad's lengthy, ungrammatical, repetitive harangues one-fourth to a half of the crowds usually melted away (as happened at the Philadelphia rally). As for the Muslims' reputed drills and armaments, instruction was apparently being given in judo and karate, but there was no record of these skills having been used in anger, and law enforcement authorities with whom we talked seemed satisfied that Muhammad's injunction against members' bearing arms was being zealously obeyed, as it apparently has been to date.

THE Black Muslims, then, while indisputably important and in some regards potentially dangerous, were enormously less fearsome and successful than their press image of a fast-growing, financially strong, and numerically formidable band of Mau-Mau type American Negroes. Indeed, as anyone who seriously reports on race relations on a national scale quickly finds, the field suffers from many such "information gaps." Some, as in the case of the Black Muslims, are easy to pinpoint and expose. Others are more elusive and complex, and have far more serious consequences.

Consider, for example, the main spawning ground of the Black Muslims and other Negro extremist groups, the Northern big-city slums. Here, as Dr. James Conant so aptly described it, conditions have bred "social dynamite." And here, because of the little-comprehended size of this populace and the depth of its problems, not only the future of our great central cities but of the republic itself may be determined. But the overwhelming majority of Americans—prosperous, comfortable, suburban-oriented—have no real conception of what life in the slums is like. Since most traverse the inner city via expressway, few have occasion even to drive through the most abysmally deprived areas, and few religio-civic organizations have any consistent, large-scale program for exposing non-slum residents to slum conditions first-hand. Thus the main burden of portraying the plight of slum-dwellers falls on the press.

But how many members of the American press have gone beyond spot-news reporting with an all-out, continuing, comprehensive effort to help Americans understand ghetto conditions and ghetto desperation? How many of their staff members have exposed themselves to experiences which would help them understand? Here, indeed, is one of the major racial news gaps, as last year's and this summer's riots show. Two reporters for the Los Angeles *Times* won a Pulitzer Prize for a series on Watts, for example—but the series was commissioned *after* the Watts riot. Where was reporting of comparable length and depth before?

Riots in Chicago this summer offer a similar case in point. There, disturbances began when a policeman, over protests of slum youngsters and their parents, insisted on closing the valve of a fire hydrant in whose spray children had been cooling themselves during a heat wave. *After* the riots, Chicago newspapers pointed out that in New York, St. Louis, and Detroit city employees *place* sprinklers on fire hydrants and *invite* slum children to play in the spray. St. Louis even places goodwill-fostering signs on hydrants: "Come on, Kids, cool off. Your friend, the Fireman." Ultimately, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., wrung from Chicago officials an agreement to equip dozens of hydrants with sprinklers, plus other concessions such as installation of portable swimming pools in an area where 500,000 people previously were without a public pool.

Where were detailed, hard-hitting stories of these youngsters' plight before the riots? Why was the Mayor, who has been under fire from social agencies and civil rights leaders for just such insensitivity, not challenged by exposés when

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he gave bland assurances that all was being done that could be done?

Slum residents often complain of police brutality—by which they mean not only physical abuse, but illegal and needless humiliation and harassment, sometimes in their own dwellings. The fatal shooting of Leonard Deadwyler in Los Angeles last spring is a classic example: Deadwyler's death occurred after he had been stopped for speeding while purportedly rushing his pregnant wife to a hospital. Though conditions have improved, similar cases of "overkill" still occur with disturbing frequency in Negro, Puerto Rican, and Mexican-American ghettoes.

Yet how many media have done detailed national or even local round-ups of the worst such cases—the fates of the victims' families and the trauma in neighborhoods where residents have come to believe the law to be their enemy? And how many have followed spot-news reports with unabated campaigns for reform? Without such depth reporting, how can public officials and their constituents hope to understand this basic cause of minority-group unrest, and the rationale behind events such as the current drive for civilian police-review boards?

"The press says it wants nonviolent solutions to racial problems," says Robert E. Johnson, managing editor of the Negro news-and-picture magazine *Jet*. "But where there has been massive, malicious use of white power, press coverage has done nothing but buttress it. I can't believe that the men who sit at news and assignment desks, with all the resources at their command, can't do better."

ANOTHER serious information gap is the tendency to portray slum residents as monolithic in character. Actually, a single slum tenement may contain families who range from deeply religious to apparently hopelessly incorrigible. Indeed, in my reporting on social problems and as a board member of social agencies in slum areas, I have been impressed —as have many others—by the large number of families who want to do better: who want to escape their environment, but find themselves trapped.

There is no shortage of spot-news stories about crime, welfare "cheating" (which most authorities regard as relatively inconsequential), and civil rights protests. But where can one find regular reports of this less visible aspect of slum neighborhoods—the devout worshippers who fill storefront churches, Aid to Dependent Children mothers who succeed in child-rearing, the emigres from the Deep South who overcome poor education, job discrimination, and debt-racketeers to find dignified work and, though buffeted by misfortune, repeatedly rally?

Clearly, these are some of the most damaging racial news gaps. At the same time, there is an equally harmful vacuum at the other end of the scale: in coverage of the Negro middle and upper classes. An old saying in the Negro press, and its principal *raison d'être,* is that, "Except for the unusual—violent failure (as in crime) or great success (as in sports or in entertainment)—in the regular press Negroes are never born, educated, married, and never die."

Yet, since the Depression, an enormous Negro middle class has grown, and American Negro millionaires now number at least in the dozens. In every American metropolitan area which has sizeable Negro slums, not far away there also are neat, well-maintained neighborhoods of the Negro middle and upper class—neighborhoods physically indistinguishable from counterpart white neighborhoods. Here are whole complexes of lodges, chambers of commerce, religious organizations, and professional associations, and the story of these neighborhoods is the story of Negroes born, educated, married, and succeeding. But where, except in the Negro press or in a handful of progressive general media, are such things reported with sufficient frequency and thoroughness to reveal their magnitude? Where can one find even the addresses of such neighborhoods, let alone news and photos of their PTAs, church groups, and other "average" middle-class activity?

To a great extent media coverage, like the races, still is rigorously segregated. In fact, one of the nation's largest and most prosperous magazine publishing firms, the Johnson Publishing Company, exists precisely because of this phenomenon. During World War II, John H. Johnson, then a twenty-five-year-old editor of a house organ for a Negro-owned insurance company in Chicago, became so aware of this paucity of information that he started *Negro Digest*. Shortly thereafter he founded the picture-and-text monthly, *Ebony* (circulation now 900,000), the news-and-picture weekly, *Jet* (circulation 450,000), and several pulp-format publications. Johnson since has become one of America's ten wealthiest Negroes, and his magazines, based on subject matter ignored or only sketchily covered elsewhere, are among the most influential in the world.

A related gap in the general press and also one that only Johnson and a few other publishers have attempted to fill concerns Negro history. Because of what one scholar has termed a "cultural lobotomy" in textbooks and the general press, few Americans (including many Negroes) are aware of the many contributions of Negroes to American, as well as other nations', history [see "Ignored by Historians," *SR* Books, July 16]. This includes such facts as that one of the five American martyrs in the Boston massacre was a Negro, Crispus Attucks; that over the past 100 years forty-six Negroes have won the nation's highest wartime decoration, the Medal of Honor; and that one of the heroes of Pearl Harbor was a Negro messman, Dorie Miller, who, filling in as a machine-gunner, shot down four enemy aircraft.

SURPRISINGLY, in some cases this gap extends even to the history of segregation, which is not, as is widely but mistakenly believed, the only housing pattern that has existed in American history. (Actually, the rigid Northern segregation of today dates only to the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries, when a latticework of discriminatory laws and real estate sales and mortgage-lending policies was painstakingly erected.) Nor is it often reported how many hundreds of successful interracial neighborhoods and apartment buildings now exist, despite lack of help, and sometimes despite outright resistance, from the organized real estate profession and major credit sources—banks, savings and loan associations, insurance companies, and union and church pension-fund investment committees.

How can these news gaps be closed?

Perfection never will be reached, but for editors and news directors with a commitment, innumerable ingenious solutions are available. They include condensing and reprinting enlightening basic material from books, scholarly and denominational magazines, and foundation-financed reports; serializing adaptations of recently published Negro history books; soliciting information materials from social service, religious, and civil rights organizations; asking ministers, educators, and progressive corporation executives to comment on local or regional racial matters; and, if daily coverage of local Negro neighborhoods' "routine" social and community activities is deemed impractical or inappropriate, publishing occasional special sections, pages, or columns devoted to the subject. But the coverage cannot be "ghettoized." It must be part of the regular news and feature flow.

Not long ago William B. Arthur, editor of *Look*, was asked why his magazine, which has won almost every major journalistic prize for civil rights and race relations coverage, devotes so much space to the subject. "Because this is the most important domestic issue of our time," he said, "and if we ignore it, we are not doing our job."

Comparing the gaps that exist with the potential for filling them, how many editors, publishers, and broadcasters can vouchsafe that, in this sensitive and essential field, they are doing their jobs to the utmost of their ability?

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Audio/Video

UHF Breakthrough in Chicago?

CHICAGO.

WHEN CONGRESS, at the prodding of the Federal Communications Commission when Newton Minow was chairman, passed the All-Channel Receiver Act in 1962, the object was to encourage the development of ultra-high frequency (UHF) television stations. The goal of that development was to provide minority audiences with real choices in programing alternatives to the mass-circulation diets of networks and independents.

UHF stations are springing up everywhere in television markets. Set penetration (the ratio of UHF sets to the total TV sets in use) has reached the 40 per cent level. By 1970, it is estimated, the U's will enjoy parity with the very-high frequency (VHF) stations. By then, the UHF bulls promise, television will be a new ball game—authentic diversity of choice all over the lot.

Maybe. Up to now it's been the same ball game with the UHFs comparable not even to minor-league teams, merely bush league and semi-pro. Network-series rejects, old films, cartoons, too many commercials, almost no original programing—that's been the story. Only color, which is definitely superior on UHF, has been an attraction. The general performance, poorly financed, managed largely by semi-sophisticated operators, has been disappointing—with the one exception probably of WFLD-TV, the Marshall Field station in Chicago.

The success or failure of this station's present programing policy may be the crucial test of the UHF diversity hope. There is little doubt that this Field Communications Corporation Station will stay in business. It has the Marshall Field fortune behind it, a carefully calculated long-range plan, and the imaginative direction of Sterling C. (Red) Quinlan, a former vice-president of ABC Television, whose "track record," as they say in the industry, is marked by "gutsy know-how" plus demonstrated concern for quality programing.

WFLD is bound to make money. Can it do it, though, with its present "selective, adult, Tiffany" approach to the viewers, which eschews any imitation of current network and independent fare, and operates on the assumption that a discriminating television audience exists and that advertisers will pay to reach it on Channel 32? If the assumption is valid, all kinds of fireworks may follow. Quinlan and young Marshall Field are already planning a Midwest regional UHF network, capable of reaching 13 per cent of the national television audience and programing the same quality product as does WFLD. This may embolden UHF operators in other parts of the country to go the Chicago 32 way. If the Field Communications people are wrong, however—if there is no valid economic life for this diversity—then the all-channel receiver hope was a mirage.

The WFLD programing is not "highbrow" in the educational television sense, says Red Quinlan. Many of his programs aspire to that ETV genre—but with "showmanship." An important element in the Channel 32 schedule is news, but not the standard network kind, or the "rip'n'read" of many independents who depend exclusively on the wire services. Field Enterprises, the Field family interests' parent corporation, has made available to WFLD the services of its two Chicago newspapers, the *Sun-Times* and the *Daily News*. Herman Kogan, a veteran editor, is supervising a noteworthy "marriage" between the newspapers and the television station.

MANY communications enterprises own papers and stations in the same cities, but in these cases, so nonexistent is the cooperation of the two related elements, you think of the Hatfields and McCoys. Channel 32 cameras pick up Field newspaper reporters directly from their city rooms for the twice-nightly newscasts. Sometimes the print reporter provides a fresh, deeper view of an event, but often he's ill at ease and hardly as acceptable as the average television newscaster who reads other men's copy. Quinlan has ambitious plans for a "new breed" of reporters carrying lightweight equipment and roaming Chicago for news and documentary material with fresh dimensions.

At the moment, sports is the staple filler of the WFLD operation. Six nights a week, from 8 to 10 p.m.—prime-time—when other viewers are going their nightly rounds with the spies, the oaters, and the situation-comedies on the networks, WFLD is carrying live sports events from leading universities in the Midwest or pro sports of general interest: polo, horse racing, golf, auto-racing, etc. This emphasis on sports gives Channel 32 a 65 per cent male viewing audience—men from diverse economic and educational backgrounds. From 6 to 8 p.m. there's a potpourri of travel, drama, and informative shows.

The station carried *The Richard Boone Show* and *Profiles in Courage*, two popular programs that couldn't make the network rating level. There's a *Charlie Chaplin Theatre* and *The Best of the BBC*. Two very interesting specials have been shown, *A War With Many Faces*, and *Near West Side Story*. The first was an impressive documentary on the war in Vietnam, reported in still photographs and commentary by Henry Gill, a *Daily News* photographer; the second, a vivid, revealing "workshop session" with teen-age gang leaders. A new series will feature "creative cooking" for outdoors and indoors.

THE intention is at all times to have a program that selective viewers can watch without that terrible anti-TV feeling. WFLD went on the air in January 1966. It's in its "format-search" phase; but whatever the eventual programing pattern, Marshall Field is committed to the principle that the family, in broadcasting, must, as in all its other enterprises, be associated with quality.

Chicago advertisers have been buying time on the station, but the Field story is not getting through to national spot time-buyers in New York. For esoteric technical reasons Channel 32 does not qualify for listing in the Nielsen "book" (ratings). Half the city of Chicago could be watching a championship hockey game one night on WFLD, but it would never show in the industry scriptures.

Many leading advertising agency men live in Chicago, and, as professionals and individual viewers, are rooting for the station to succeed. But they're not putting their money where their mouths are, yet. Said one agency president: "The Fields have the daring programing. What's needed now is some daring advertiser to stick his neck out." The agencies might get together and subsidize at least one guinea pig. For if Channel 32 has to go mass-circulation to survive, among the chief losers will be the image of advertising in a competitive economy.

Rosel Hyde, the new FCC Chairman, said some years ago at a seminar of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions: "Good programing ought to pay. If not, perhaps we are making a mistake in making broadcasting a competitive rather than a regulated public-utility type of industry." Informed observers will bear that in mind as they watch the fate of WFLD's noteworthy experiment.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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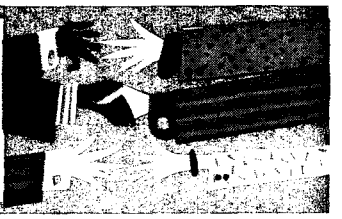
Public Relations



GM and "Harassment"

THE PRESS COVERAGE was extensive when James M. Roche, president of General Motors, apologized to Ralph Nader, author of *Unsafe At Any Speed*, before the Senate Subcommittee on Traffic Safety, for the harassment of the critic by investigators hired by a Washington law firm on behalf of the corporation. But what passed almost entirely unnoticed was another aspect of the Roche testimony.

Looking directly at Senator Ribicoff, the subcommittee chairman, Mr. Roche said: "To say that I wish I had known about it earlier is an understatement—and I intend to make certain that we are informed of similar problems of this magnitude in the future. . . . Such errors will not happen again. It . . . has not been and will not be our policy . . . to undertake the surveillance or broad background investigation of those persons who write or speak critically of our corporation and our products."

On March 31, what is called a "blue letter" at GM, or a management statement, was issued. It went to all top executives and was signed by Roche. It made absolutely clear, nine days after the president's promise to the Senate subcommittee, that investigations would be undertaken only with the permission, and under the direct supervision, of the company president. It was GM's move to prevent this kind of widely criticized incident from ever happening again.

How did a company like GM get itself into such a mess? How did it ever permit what might have been a routine check of a possible "expert witness" to go so far afield—especially since lawsuits of potentially some $40,000,000 in damages relating to the design of the Corvair models of 1960 to 1963 were involved?

Had GM any right in the first place to check on Mr. Nader? The law is clear that, under the circumstances, it had. Senator Robert Kennedy, who with Senator Ribicoff was the most active examiner of Roche when he was before their committee, said:

> I think that you were justified, if you felt for the protection of your company, your stockholders, and the good name of the automobile, the Corvair, and felt justice on your side, to conduct an investigation of the kind to determine whether Mr. Nader was in fact in the employment of some of these litigants and that there was an effort, a conscientious, organized effort, to try some of these cases in the newspaper rather than to try them in the courts, and from what I have learned, there has been some of that effort in the Midwest and some on the West Coast rather than just doing it through the courts.
>
> There have been a good deal of public statements in connection with this matter. So I understand your concern. I can understand the fact that you would feel an investigation to determine about Mr. Nader's connection and association with these individuals particularly if he was going to be an expert witness, was completely justified. That part of it I don't find any fault with.

What Senator Kennedy was concerned with, as he said, was "whether that investigation went on to the area of harassment, intimidation, and possibly blackmail. These are some of the questions that were raised by the investigators. I think this is a matter that is of concern to us and to the general public."

The investigation, started by GM's general counsel, Aloysius F. Power, who has been with the firm thirty-eight years, did go far beyond fair bounds. For this Roche apologized. That the questioning by GM's agents, who had been hired by the Washington law firm, went so far that GM's top managers were aghast, is also clear. That it showed sloppy supervision in the GM counsel's office is, to say the least, equally clear. It is surprising that the investigation was not closely checked and stopped immediately when the first report arrived in Detroit.

There are few companies in the country whose decisions so carefully take into account their possible impact on the public. There is no lack of organization, or opportunity for the public relations department of the automakers to be involved in decisions that are likely to affect public relations. The lines between top management and the public relations department are always open. Yet this action, started by the company's general counsel, which had a resounding impact on GM's relations with the government and the public, was taken without the knowledge of the public relations vice president, Anthony G. De Lorenzo. It was taken without the knowledge of Frederic G. Donner, the chairman and chief executive officer, and without the knowledge of Roche.

IT is obvious that in no place in the mind of GM's general counsel was the thought that the investigation he launched might have a bearing on the relations between the corporation and the public. If he had thought so, the type of investigation ordered might never have taken place; most certainly it would not have got as wildly out of hand as it did.

What, then, can a corporation do to assure that its relations with the public are not jeopardized by careless decisions? The answer is simple: the public relations function is not alone the responsibility of a Donner, a Roche, or a De Lorenzo, but of every manager in the corporation. No matter how competent the public relations department may be, no matter how skilled its personnel, no matter how alert its director, the public relations of a corporation must be the concern of all those who make decisions in a corporation, up and down the line.

To the wise executive, public relations is an essential part of his job, for it is by the acts of a corporation that it is judged in the final analysis, not by what it says. Good public relations must start with sound decisions in the public interest. Without them all else becomes a shambles.

General Motors is a proud company, it is run efficiently, and its top executives are conscious at all times of their public responsibilities. The Ralph Nader case simply shows that even under these conditions the lack of forethought by a single executive can result in immense harm.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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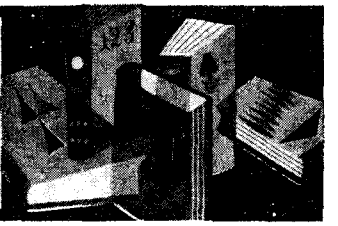
Books in Communications



The *Times* in Action

ONE OF the liveliest, best-edited, most consistently interesting publications in the United States never appears on the newsstand. It is *Times Talk*, house organ of *The New York Times*. For nineteen years, its editor, Ruth Adler, has begged, badgered, and cajoled *Times* reporters and correspondents to contribute to it, and they have handled their assignments so well that *Talk* currently is distributed not only to the *Times's* 5,000 employees, but also to 2,000 other individuals who have asked to be placed on the mailing list. Among them are prominent authors, editors, and journalism educators.

Miss Adler now has compiled some of the best *Times Talk* pieces into an anthology, *The Working Press: Special to The New York Times* (G.P. Putnam's Sons, $5.95), and her selections give not only fascinating insights into the minds and methods of outstanding reporters, but also into the reasons for the *Times's* towering international reputation. In a six-page introduction, for example, an anonymous writer, presumably Miss Adler, succinctly describes the vast organization and intricate routine involved in publishing each day's *Times*—the distillation of 1,500,000 words from twelve news agencies and its own staff into the 150,000 words that comprise the average seventy-two-page edition.

Reading of this eminent newspaper's resources and enterprise, one can only be awed. In the unsigned piece, "*Andrea Doria* Sinks After Collision With *Stockholm*," for instance, it is revealed that the *Times's* ubiquitous presence extends even to monitoring of short-wave radio broadcasts. A staff member, Bernard Murphy, heard the liner *Andrea Doria's* short-wave distress call at 12:03 a.m., and the *Times* had the essentials of the story thirteen minutes before the first Associated Press bulletin—which lacked the ships' names. Subsequent short-wave messages were recorded throughout the night.

For those who regard some of the *Times's* procedures with irreverence, several selections offer a rich lode of anecdotes. One such piece is E. W. Kenworthy's description of how the Washington bureau covers Presidential press conferences: As he recounts it, as many as seven *Times* men arrive *en masse* in a black Cadillac, disperse according to careful plan, ask previously parceled-out questions, and spend the seven-minute return trip to the office conferring with a news editor who sits, facing backward, in the front seat. This, at least, was the practice for John F. Kennedy's press conferences. Nothing is said about how the system has been affected by President Johnson's unpredictable press conference format.

Several major news beats, such as business, theater, and radio-TV, are not represented in the book, and a few of the most familiar *Times* by-lines also are missing. They include Arthur Daley, Gay Talese, Jack Gould, and Brooks Atkinson, long-time drama critic who, upon retirement, was designated critic-at-large. Some selections are too fragmentary or repetitive of others to be satisfying, but when one considers the nature of the material—hasty gleanings from busy correspondents on the go—the range and quality of the book are extraordinary.

The finest single piece in the book probably is Tom Wicker's now-classic account of his coverage of the Kennedy assassination. But several other selections are close contenders, including twin stories by Harrison Salisbury and Max Frankel on covering Soviet Russia; "The Story Behind the Jewish Klansman" (McCandlish Phillips's recollections of his exposé of a New Jersey Klansman of Jewish lineage; "How to Succeed on the Racial Beat" (Fred Powledge's commentary on fellow correspondent Claude Sitton's extraordinary work); and stories of their expulsion from foreign countries by Homer Bigart, A. M. Rosenthal, and others.

Two of the funniest essays ever written by Russell Baker, "Whistle Stop Woes" and "Around the World With Ike," upstage several other notable humor offerings. Among them is a page of copyreaders' doodles, "Through History With *Times* Headlines." Samples:

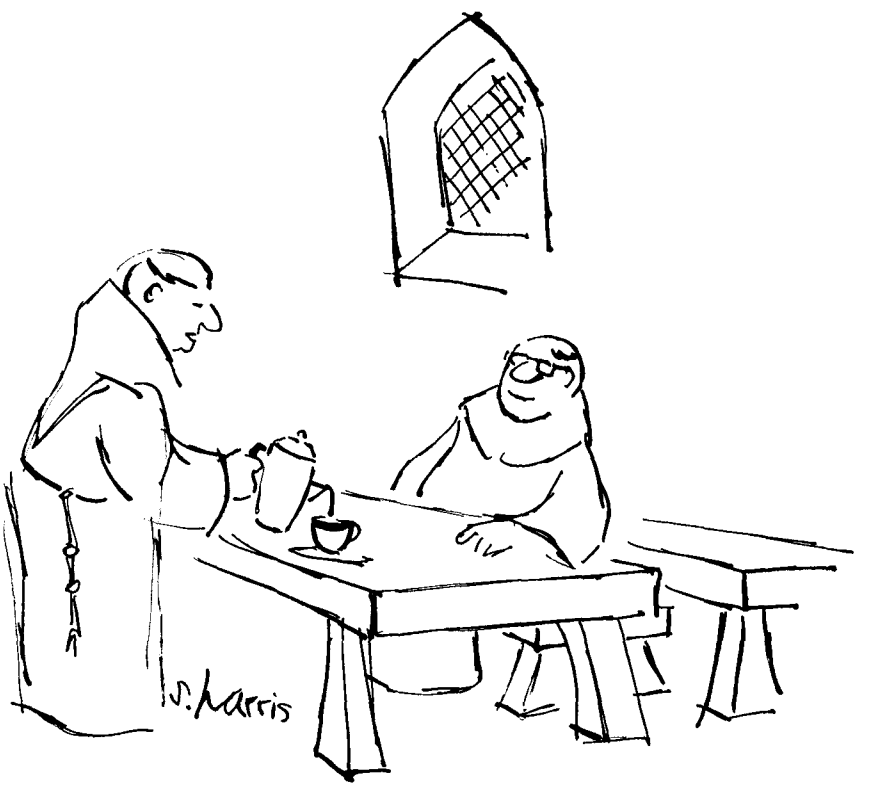
JEHOVAH RESTING
AFTER 6-DAY TASK

HOLLAND SETTLERS
IN $24 LAND DEAL

BLAZE IN CHICAGO
IS LINKED TO COW

Encountering such refreshing informality as this, one cannot help wishing that "the good, gray *Times*" would make it available more often, perhaps in a periodic column of such samplings.

—ALFRED BALK.



"Say whence."

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Communications Letters

Continued from page 47

lence? If this ever could happen I can picture vast numbers of people who would happily pay a monthly fee!

T. B. CASWELL.

Minnetonka, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr .Warren replies: "CATV operators aren't likely to delete commercials. The CATV industry never has had to pay for the programs they pick up from stations and distribute for profit. Usually, networks, stations and advertisers are pleased with the added audience contributed by CATV—precisely because of the greater exposure to commercials. Had cable operators sought to delete commercials, they would have reaped difficulties which would make their current problems a blessing in comparison. CATV will have to pay for programs sooner or later, under recent court decisions and pending copyright legislation. The new law probably will prohibit CATV from deleting commercials, but cable operators are most unlikely to tamper with commercials even if permitted by law—because copyright holders undoubtedly would increase their royalties to prohibitive levels."*

ALBERT WARREN'S article is most interesting. The reference to Parsons of Astoria, Oregon, is especially intriguing because we, here in Bellingham, Washington (seventy-nine miles north of Seattle), put in a cable system before the Pennsylvania systems were installed. The Parsons discovery of the KING-TV signal was our reason for doing so. We subsequently developed a TV station in Bellingham as a result of the TV sets in use on the cable. Later on we did the same in Wenatchee, Washington, and still later had some interesting and profitable litigation with Shapp.

ROGAN JONES.

Bellingham, Wash.

Everybody's Frustrated

IN THE MIDDLE of "The Hollywood Screen Writers" [*SR*, July 9], the author intensively discusses frustration among TV and motion picture writers. I say intensively because in the space of six short paragraphs, the word "frustration" appears six times and "frustrated" twice. The next four paragraphs are virginal, but then we are besieged six more times in three paragraphs. Incidentally, in the same six paragraphs mentioned above, the word "unhappy" or a derivative is applied to the script writers no less than four times, which should make them, I think, the most miserable creatures out of captivity.

I cannot close without reference to a sentence which appears in the first of the unfrustrated, connective paragraphs. Here the author discusses the absurdly high value placed on making money in Hollywood. "In all walks of life," the author writes, "people want all the money they can get, even though it is demonstrable that a group of rich people are no happier than a group of moderately rich."

If there were any other touches of humor in the article, one might suspect that this sentence was intended to be humorous. But, no, this is meant to be taken straight and, therefore, I challenge Mr. Reynolds to demonstrate that the rich are no happier than the moderately rich, and while he is at it, perhaps he can prove something about the poor versus the moderately poor.

What frustrates me is why Mr. Reynolds, a literary agent, who surely has some feeling for the printed word, did not edit his piece and what frustrates me more is *SR*'s failure to use the blue pencil.

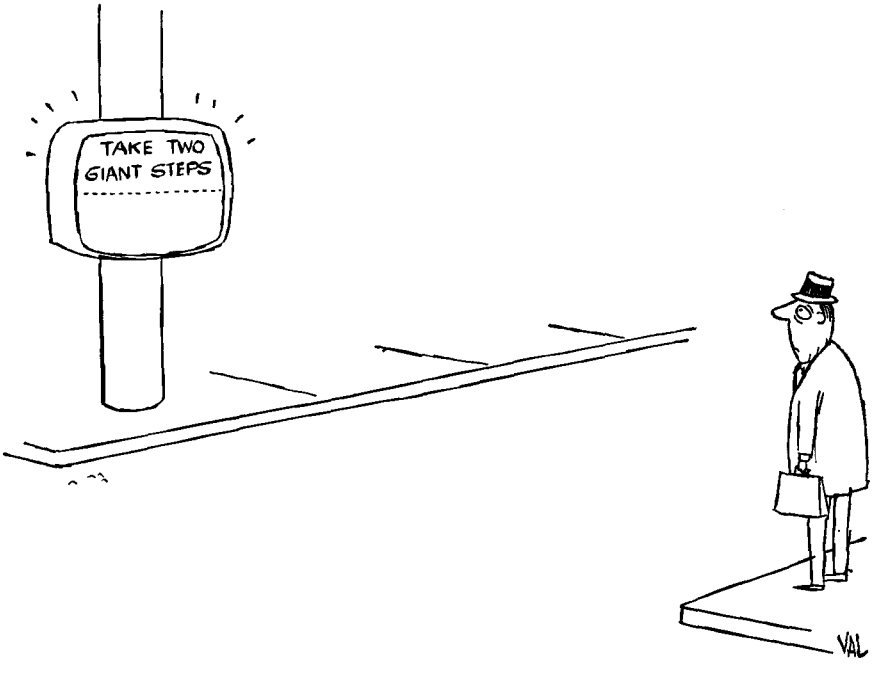
PHILIP M. KAPLAN.

Jamaica, N.Y.

Why Radio Stays

THE EDITORIAL by R.L.T., "Why Radio Is Here to Stay," in your July 9 issue, is a perceptive piece.

His comment that radio today is "more



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honestly written, more intelligently conceived, freer of inhibition, fairer to its listeners, more imaginative in its use of instantaneous world-wide facilities and news" sums up a good share of our medium's appeal. I think, too, that many of the stations using two-way conversations by telephone—a unique quality of audience involvement radio—are providing exciting, stimulating air fare. This type of programing quickly separates the professionals from the amateurs because it does require more imagination and more skill to keep it interesting.

We are seeing several kinds of "talk" radio develop today—the better stations offer their listeners provocative ideas, and their advertisers an attentive audience. Thank you for the article.

MAURIE WEBSTER,
Vice President and General Manager,
CBS Radio Spot Sales.
New York, N.Y.

What is Muckraking?

ARTHUR AND LILA WEINBERG'S article, "Where Are Today's Muckrakers?" in the July 9 *SR*, asks a question I have posed for many years. The Weinbergs' answer that muckraking is still being done in diverse ways, although partially valid, seems to miss the point.

The muckrakers were observant idealists reporting their findings to a responsive audience. What changed? The writers were the same if more experienced. It was the response of the audience that altered. The public believes in virtue and deplores evil as long as morality does not become boring. The "public be damned" of the Robber Barons gave way to the public be soothed of the modern public relations man. For today's muckrakers to follow the innovators' tradition they would have to be perceptive social philosophers.

Modern muckrakers repeat facts instead of uncovering social and economic forces. But more than this, John Q. Public still considers public information to be public entertainment rather than personal enlightenment.

JAMES L. COOK, JR.,
Pullman, Wash.

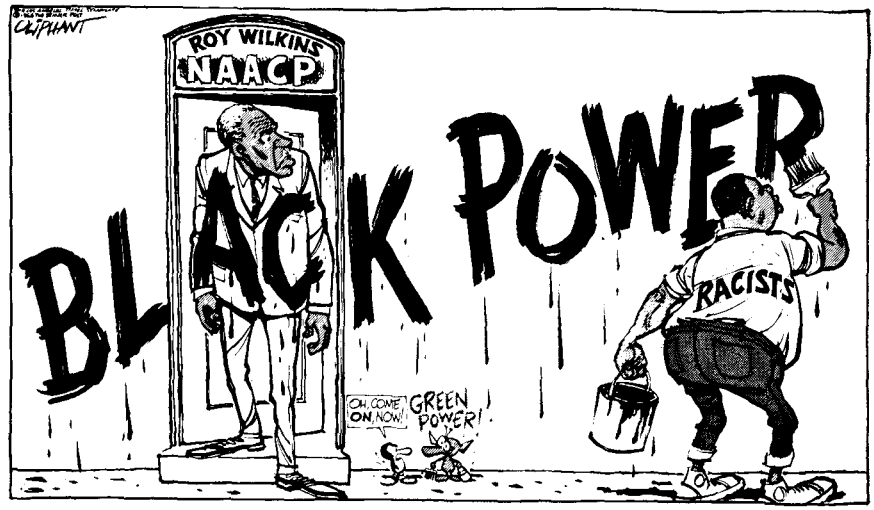
"SENSATIONALISM" was the charge always leveled at the muckraking magazines of the first decade of this century, so I'm not surprised that Arthur and Lila Weinberg assert that *Fact* Magazine "deals more in sensational journalism than in the muckraking tradition. . . ."

For the Weinbergs' information, among the "sensationalists" who have written for *Fact* are Arnold J. Toynbee, Dr. Benjamin A. Spock, Kenneth Rexroth, Hayes B. Jacobs, Irwin Shaw, Ralph Ingersoll, Sloan Wilson, Fred J. Cook, David Cort, Hans Koningsberger, Senator Ernest Gruening, Dr. Louis LaSagna, Richard Gehman, Mary Hemingway, G. Legman, and Bertrand Russell.

Warren Boroson,
Editor, *Fact*.
New York, N.Y.

Libraries Need Help

JOHN TUNIS'S ARTICLE on "Battle for a Library" in your July 9 issue shows that



'Black Power': Some is Essential

"BLACK power" is a new and unsettling concept to most white Americans — for the reason that they've never thought of Negroes in terms of any kind of power.

As a result, a lot of politicians—including the president and vice president — have been harrumphing about the idea recently when they might have done better to keep quiet and let Negro groups chew on it for awhile.

The obvious thing is that Negroes themselves don't agree on what "black power" does or should mean. The concept is as new and startling to most of them as to whites. Nothing better illustrates that fact than the angry argument about it between leaders of the Congress for Racial Equality (CORE) and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP).

But two things seem sure.

First, though Negroes may not agree yet what "black power" should mean, we imagine there will be a few indeed who don't like the idea.

Why wouldn't they? For 300 years they have been the most powerless group in American society; starving—whether they realize it or not—for some power over their own conditions of life.

Second, the acquisition of more power over their own present and future is an essential step on their road to self-respect.

So far in the civil rights revolution of the last decade, they have had to depend largely on white cooperation for their progress. Who can doubt that most Negroes will not feel fully equal until they have moved some of the rest of the way to equality on their own power?

It is probably essential to their peace of mind that it be they who, for instance, push through better schools in their communities, more jobs, cleaner streets — on their own motion, through their own representatives.

PERHAPS this awakening drive for power will veer into some off-beat or harmful channels. That's what usually happens in such cases, to people of any color or background. So they, too, have to learn what other groups already know: the limits of any group's power in a free community.

Whites are accustomed to talking of power in terms of its burdens, and using such cliches as that chestnut about absolute power corrupting absolutely. Few Negroes ever have had enough power in America to have the faintest notion what whites are talking about.

These fellow citizens deserve the luxury of learning some of these things the way everyone else does — the hard way. Nothing could be more educational, nor more curative of what ails them.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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there are a few public-spirited library trustees who get on the board to help the library and not just for prestige. Unfortunately, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, seems to be the exceptional place where library service is of vital importance to its citizenry. Unless other library boards follow Fitchburg's commendable example, 99 per cent of the town libraries in this country will remain mausoleums kept open by unqualified old maids expressly for those gloved ladies in Mr. Tunis's article who want a public place to visit with acquaintances where they can leisurely pick out a detective or "sugar" story to while away their endless tomorrows.

ISABELLE C. CHANG,
Librarian of the Shrewsbury Schools.
Shrewsbury, Mass.

AS A PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, I wish to commend you for your article "Battle for a Library." It brings to a wide audience the need for ordinary citizens, as well as trustees, to regard the library as their trust as well as their right.

PENELOPE A. STIFFLER.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dollars into Words

IN HIS SHARPLY OBSERVED and quite generous review [*SR*, July 9] of my anthology, *Best Magazine Articles: 1966*, Alfred Balk raises an interesting point about the length of some of the twenty selections. Indeed, he speaks of the "needlessly great length" of a few. The longest, Dwight Macdonald's "Critique of the Warren Report," does run some 19,000 words; and there are 15,000-worders, or thereabouts, by Robert H. Boyle, Lewis H. Lapham, John McPhee, James Mills, and Pat Watters.

The germane question is not how long a piece runs, but whether a piece sustains itself over the length the author has given it. Obviously, I thought the Macdonald piece, and the others cited above, did—and with extraordinary effect—or I would not have included them among the "best."

I am not, however, making an argument for length as such. I read through several thousand magazine pieces to prepare the anthology, and brevity, when I came across it, was prized, I can assure you. For example, there is a lovely Tom Wolfe piece in the book of less than 3,000 words, not to mention a playful 900-worder by Art Buchwald.

Magazines are now paying writers of nonfiction more than ever before. When a writer is paid more, he can obviously afford to spend more time researching his subject. And the more research you do, the more you have to say about a subject. There is this, too: The writer also has the time not just to bat out a few thousand words and send it off raw, as was the case just ten years ago. He can—and does—rewrite considerably even *before* submitting the piece to his editor. So I think it can be fairly said that the greater length of magazine articles today is the price one willingly pays for their new and often exceptional literary quality.

GERALD WALKER.
New York, N.Y.

Preserving Corporate Giving

PLEASE ACCEPT my congratulations for Mr. L.L.L.Golden's excellent column on corporate philanthropy in the July 9 *SR* under the heading PUBLIC RELATIONS. Corporate giving has long been established in our American life but it seems to be under attack by several unenlightened enemies. I sincerely hope you will convey to Mr. Golden my conviction that his column will help to preserve the pattern of American charitable giving that has made our country the envy of less fortunate nations.

C. R. DEANE, JR.,
Assistant to the President,
Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital.
Philadelphia, Pa.

ON "PRESERVING Corporate Philanthropy" [*SR*, July 9], wouldn't it help to tell the stockholders what the company's donations come to *in cents per share?* I have a hunch that, for the small stockholder, it wouldn't amount to enough to bother him, and that the large shareholder would mind the least, but could, if he wished, reduce his own direct giving accordingly.

This is one of the few matters in which the reports of the big corporations can become a little human. If I am, indirectly, giving money to colleges and hospitals, I would enjoy knowing how much.

MARGERY MANSFIELD JANES.
Monterey, Mass.

The Pause that Instructs

I REGRET THAT your article "The Tape Recorder as Historian," by Joel Lieber, [*SR*, June 11] only mentioned the one vast flaw in Columbia University's otherwise magnificent Oral History Office. It is their practice to *erase* tapes once an interview is edited and transcribed to typed pages.

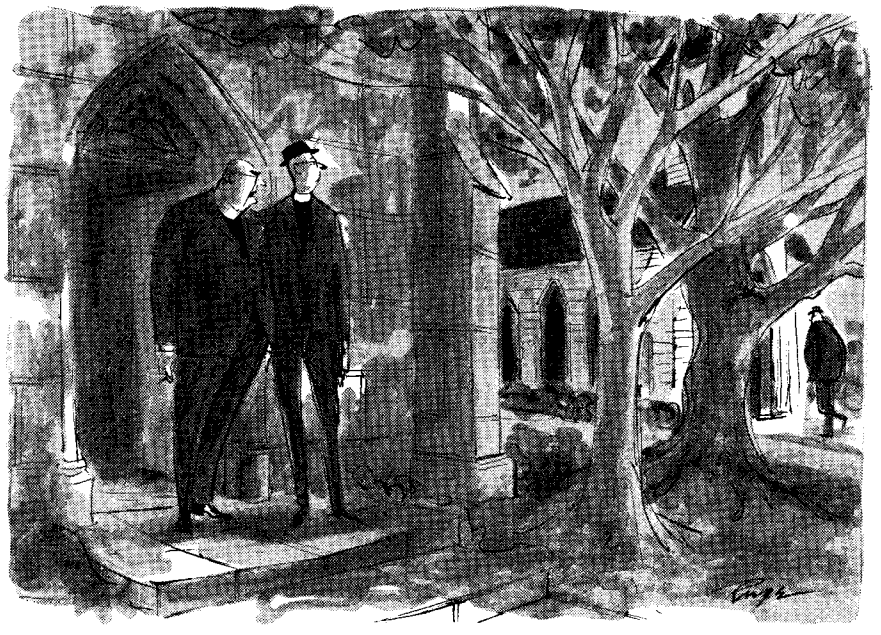
Several years ago, I heard rumor of the practice and mentioned it in conversation with Frank Johnston, vice president of American Heritage Publishing Company. Johnston was as dismayed as I and volunteered to supply tapes should economy be the reason. With this offer in hand I telephoned the Oral History Office and obtained verification that they do indeed erase tapes for reuse. The reason given, however, was lack of storage space. To this day I find the excuse unconvincing inasmuch as a tape takes up less space than a manuscript.

Being employed at Columbia, I am daily appalled at the volume of seldom-used space within some of its more impressive buildings (while others are jammed, no doubt about it). Low library, with its yawning floor-to-dome auditorium, to say nothing of its "Trustee" and other commemorative rooms, is but one example. It would seem that somewhere in that expanse there should be room for a few thousand (1,529 to date is cited) original tapes. The whole shebang could be housed in a closet.

The loss, quoted as, "much to the horror of psychologists with their interest in speech slips and inflection," is much more than that. I recall a research project at Columbia in which taped psychiatric interviews were analyzed. This project coded no fewer than six types of pauses, or silences, in the interviews—the "encouraging pause," "the threatening pause," and so on. Much of the meaning in the interchange was contained in silences. In fact, only a fraction of the content of human communication is contained in words; the balance is in manner, intonation, intensity of expression and other non-transcribable subtleties.

Oral History is unique with our age and irreplaceable. Imagine having original tapes of Socrates, Cicero, Dante, Ben Franklin, Disraeli, Lincoln, and on and on! Now we have them—but destroy them! And all for the lack of a few rooms. Meanwhile, I read that NASA has just completed the largest building in the world (outdoing even the Pentagon) to assemble missiles at Cape Canaveral.

DAVID WALLACE, PH.D.,
School of Public Health & Administrative Medicine,
Columbia University.
New York, N.Y.



"It's the way he saves souls that makes my blood boil!"

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JOEL LIEBER's elucidation of the aims and methods of the Oral History Research Office of Columbia University and similar projects throughout the world put forth the advantages and power of the responsible use of the tape recorder in preserving for posterity, not only the words, but the timbre, the inflection, the vibration, the tone, and the soul of the communication through the person and the incident being chronicled. Without the tape recorder, Hotchner could hardly have given us the vivid, authentic, appealing, and yet so pathetic Hemingway. The many succinct quotations "straight from the horse's mouth," so to speak, revealed the man, his life, his friends, and the several exciting episodes that were part and parcel of his stories; albeit some were almost unbelievable. (Talking to the bear, for instance.) The events leading to his tragic death were expounded, even though the reasons for it remain unfathomed.

MARY MANFREDI.

Bronx, N.Y.

A Typesetter's View

RICHARD L. TOBIN, in his editorial "Eye People and Ear People" [*SR*, June 11], mentions "bogus" typesetting in the printing business, and compares it to the unneeded firemen aboard modern diesel railroad locomotives. Mr. Tobin could have given readers more perspective on the problem of "bogus" (we Typographical Union members call it reproduction) if he had explained that these clauses were first written into union contracts at the insistence of publishers, not union members, as a means of preventing price-cutting. When type or plates were borrowed, the borrower still had to stand the cost of composition. "Bogus" lingers on, and now is indeed a form of featherbedding, a problem that must be met soon.

Retraining to meet the challenge of the new printing-craft processes is the stated policy of the International Typographical Union. Many of us are trying to live up to this challenge. I have retrained several times in recent years and at present am operating one of the newest phototypesetting machines, the Harris-Intertype Fotronic.

There is a desperate scramble on today to speed up the typesetting operation. Traditional machines are being refined and made to run faster. New electronic and photographic techniques are being brought to bear. The computer counts out lines with blinding speed. All the while the simple and the obvious solution is right before our eyes —a new phonetic alphabet with elimination of unnecessarily doubled letters and silent letters.

Such an alphabet was provided for in the will of George Bernard Shaw, was actually designed, and has been used by English-speaking people in widely scattered parts of the world for written communication. Its terrific economy, however, has yet to be fully appreciated. Adoption of this, or any alphabet based upon these established principles, could be the next big breakthrough in speed and economy of typesetting.

HENRY L. KIRCHNER.

Garland, Texas.

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

VACATIONS

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels, Quiet, informal. No hay fever. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated pool. Golf. Ocean fishing. May 27th to October 9th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1688

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Twelve-mile expansion of the Hudson River, 2-3 miles wide, bet. Rockland and Westchester counties (2 wds.).	101 74 113 76 201 15 43 119 60
B. Peninsula in Yorkshire, Eng., bet. Humber and the North Sea.	163 112 136 190 194 96 198 150 121 46
C. Word which imitates natural sounds.	188 45 168 90 67 103 135 3 179
D. Comfortable—often healthful—object which we slangily say a queer-thinking man is "off."	111 128 62 5 105 91
E. A free evening (2 wds.).	61 125 147 88 75 78 149 8
F. Describing the Welshman Taffy in the nursery rhyme.	72 109 89 156 31 145 178 94
G. Of every sort.	142 124 70 197 33 83 137 122 20 134
H. What Junior is to his father.	146 34 171 38 27 54 118 191
I. Entices by soft words.	151 9 170 95 28 117 26 157
J. Contemptuous action toward another.	154 129 51 172 187 100 1 86 203
K. Grisly phantom in *The Ancient Mariner* who played dice (comp.).	202 14 18 63 185 131 35 85 99 127 73
L. Exquisite but alarming character in the Chinese play by two Americans, *The Yellow Jacket*, 1912.	25 164 181 183 10 174 130 80
M. A kind of casing for an image (*Judges* viii, 26 and 27).	52 23 184 87 68
N. Inanimate cause of all the trouble in Wagner's *Ring*.	59 160 44 24 192 108 102 126 144
O. Plant in the heavenly Jerusalem which bears twelve kinds of fruit and whose leaves are for the healing of nations (3 wds.).	167 29 6 58 182 56 143 107 123 16
P. China or silver for holding gravy, vegetables, etc. (2 wds.).	37 30 13 189 17 11 115 92 53 19
Q. Resembling the cellular tissue which covers a living tube or cavity as protection.	32 79 42 110 132 66 153 199 47 161 166
R. Tending to imply secondarily.	82 55 173 165 4 36 195 200 158 155 77
S. Muscular, robust, vigorous.	49 97 104 65 114 93 133 39
T. Cause embarrassment or disgrace to another (2 wds., not listed except by analogy).	50 120 69 159 139 162 98 12 177 81
U. Upon noticing (3 wds.).	148 41 2 22 71 175 106 7 48
V. Pertaining to letters.	180 40 57 140 21 116 169 193
W. Short and pithy sentence expressing some general truth.	138 64 141 152 196 176 186 84

	1 J		2 U	3 C	4 R	5 D	6 O		7 U	8 E		9 I	10 L	11 P		12 T
	13 P	14 K	15 A	16 O		17 P	18 K		19 P	20 G	21 V	22 U	23 M	24 N	25 L	26 I
27 H		28 I	29 O	30 P	31 F	32 Q		33 G	34 H	35 K		36 R	37 P	38 H		39 S
40 V	41 U	42 Q	43 A	44 N	45 C	46 B		47 Q	48 U		49 S	50 T	51 J	52 M	53 P	54 H
	55 R	56 O		57 V	58 O	59 N	60 A	61 E	62 D	63 K		64 W	65 S	66 Q	67 C	68 M
69 T	70 G	71 U		72 F	73 K	74 A	75 E		76 A	77 R	78 E	79 Q	80 L	81 T		82 R
83 G	84 W	85 K		86 J	87 M		88 E	89 F	90 C		91 D	92 P	93 S	94 F	95 I	96 B
	97 S	98 T	99 K	100 J		101 A	102 N		103 C	104 S	105 D		106 U	107 O	108 N	109 F
110 Q	–	111 D	112 B	113 A	114 S		115 P	116 V	117 I	118 H	119 A	120 T	121 B		122 G	123 O
	124 G	125 E	126 N	127 K	128 D	129 J		130 L	131 K		132 Q	133 S	134 G		135 C	136 B
137 G		138 W	139 T	140 V		141 W	142 G	143 O	144 N	145 F	146 H	147 E		148 U		149 E
150 B	151 I		152 W	153 Q	154 J	155 R	156 F	157 I		158 R	159 T		160 N	161 Q	162 T	
163 B	164 L	165 R	166 Q		167 O	168 C		169 V	170 I	171 H	172 J	173 R	174 L		175 U	176 W
177 T	178 F	179 C	180 V	181 L		182 O	183 L		184 M	185 K	186 W		187 J	188 C	189 P	190 B
191 H	192 N		193 V	194 B	195 R	196 W		197 G	198 B		199 Q	200 R	201 A	202 K	203 J	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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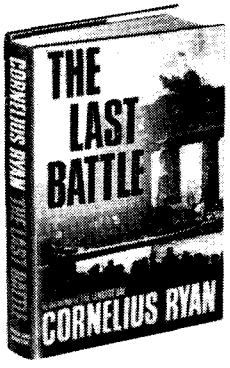
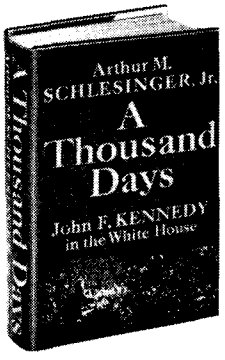
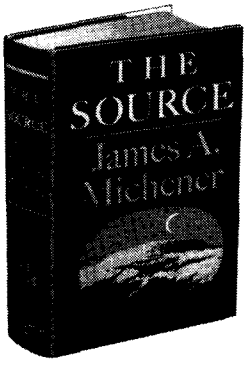


110. THE LAST BATTLE *by* CORNELIUS RYAN. Photographs and maps. (Retail price $7.50)



278. A THOUSAND DAYS *by* ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. (Retail price $9)



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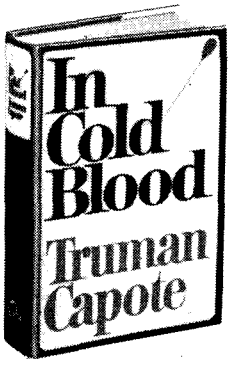

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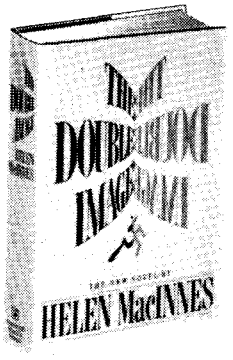

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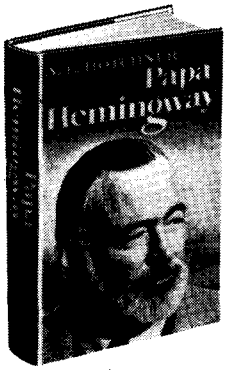

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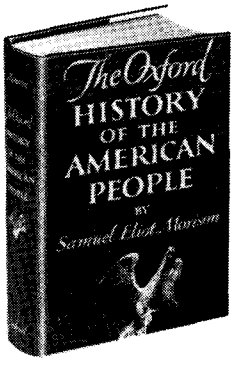

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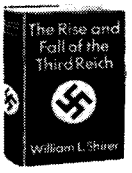
114. THE PROUD TOWER *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. Illustrated (Ret. price $7.95)



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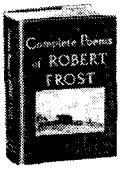

231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST. (Retail price $7)

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Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. If I continue after the trial, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or Alternate—I buy under the system described at right. (A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club offers a Double Selection, two books at *a special combined price*. Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

[ ] [ ] [ ]

5

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: The most economical system ever devised for building up a home library

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing, through overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another important advantage enjoyed by members: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

✶ If you continue after this experimental membership, you will receive, *with every Club choice you buy*, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each Certificate, together with a nominal sum, often only $1.00 or $1.50—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes whose retail prices average $7. This is probably the most economical means ever devised of building a well-rounded personal library. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, $362,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.

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